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**THIS IS
A BOOK
CALLED**

**THE
SARGASSO**

**MADIE IN
AND ABOUT**

CARLIHAM COLLEGE

IN THE

YEAR

1942

EDITED BY EARL FOWLER

AND BUSINESS MANAGED BY RALPH MCCrackEN

PUBLISHED BY THE SENIORS IN CARLIHAM IN 1942

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STILL, UNDER THE SUN AND THE LIMITLESS SKY THAT HOLDS THIS UNHAPPY LITTLE

planet bobbing among its star parents, there is Earham. *Is* on the world. The smokestack and the Carp cupola stand up into the very air that fringes our earth and cushions its existence against the infinite confinement of space. Under our trees is shade and earth no different from earth and shade wherever earth lies under trees and trees make shade. Rain comes to us in wide wind that remembers the Pacific and all the land and sea from here to the polar ice cap. In winter, snow. No kind of barrier is put between us and the world. Our streets lead into the streets of the city of Richmond, and from there to the roads of North and South America. Anyone may walk right in. Or walk right out, not forgetting Earham Hall regulations. Earham is made on land left outside of the borders of Richmond, with fire protection from the city. We eat food from our farms and



from other farms. From the observatory we can see the rings of Saturn, and beyond that.

And from the rooms of Carpenter Hall we can see a nation, many nations. We can know the rock formations upon which they are built, and the geologic age of the stone in their national monuments. We can see the beauty of their landscapes and the squalor and finery in which their people live. We can have a record of their past achievements, and a day by day account of the successes and failures of their present struggles. We can hear the theories of their economists and their philosophers. We can speak their languages and plot the trajectory of a shell coming to us from their emplacements.

The most important thing is that now, during this upsurge of chaos—during brutal manslaughter and high-principled killing; during this disintegration and denial; this deep contempt of loveliness and gentleness; this breaking of ties and friend-forgetting—Earlham is here. We are no green island of haven—of tolerance. The world is too much with us for that. We are not escaping the fever, and devotion of cause. We cannot escape it when it flies in the air between us and involves us in desire or in duty beyond ourselves. We are not





a spot isolated from the dissipation of freedom and respect, where “old values” are preserved until the world is ready for them again.

We have withdrawn onto this campus so that we might organize these events and their antecedents into some kind of vision—some clear-sighted knowledge. From Europe and America, from the cold states and the warm states and the islands of the West Indies, from



the East and the Midwest—Boston, Bronx, Bloomington, Brookville—we have come to this place. Students and faculty. We have come here where we can feel a little relieved of the world, and yet not harbored from it or sheltered from its currents. We have come to Carp, where we can see it at large, in many aspects, diagrammed on blackboards or maps or in books, and explained by those who profess to see its relations more clearly than we do. We have come to



stand and watch, and yet to live—to watch our living, and the prolific living of the world.

Earlham is still here. Each year at beginning of summer, some of us finish our watching and move out to become those who accomplish the living of the world. This time a struggle for life—a struggle to find a surer abundance of living. But when this struggle has quieted

from war to something less than war—when this destruction is finished and something is begun to reshape it, Earlham will still be here. And perhaps, as professors explain to us this hatred, we will see the thing beyond it that is no longer hatred. Perhaps our watching at Earlham will prepare us for that. Not for great things—we don't expect that. But for going out into that world, with a clue to its coldness, and some intimation of its warmth.



WE WHO ARE SENIORS AT EARLHAM-- IN 1942, FOR WHOM THIS YEAR HAS GROWN FULL OF CLIMAX AND FINALITY, ARE PRESENTING THIS Sargasso that we have made--not as a book, merely, but

as a rich portrait of the Earlham in which our lives revolved for this one great hectic superb time. Back in that portentous Freshman Week when our class was born—and wrapped in its green swaddling clothes—we were already named with the name of this year—the class of '42. That name was a symbol of our destiny—a sort of anticipation of this year and its significance. All through those years when we were struggling as minor characters (?) on campus—when we were weaned from the Precedent committees; when we hunted our first Senior picnic; when we completed our physical ed. and foreign language requirements; passed our Junior Orals; and finally when we greeted our last crop of Freshmen in September '41, this year has been the horizon at which we aimed our ambition. And now that the years of the calendar have merged into *our* year, and what we have become is what we were imagining for ourselves, we have made this book about the days and nights and the state of affairs that came out from our imagination and grew real to us in the roaring course of this year.

There is more to the making of this book than filling its pages with type and printer's rules and photo-engraving. This book is not made under the green-shaded lights in the Libe basement. It is made by our living of this year, the fulfilling of moment by moment out of Time into the things we were and associated with and want to remember. A book is made by men who mold the flow of happening and give it their interpretation. We are the men and women who have lived this final year, and this is our book—our shape of things that came—our Sargasso.

You must understand that we have taken a year—our year—and have turned it into copy and layouts, printed it on consecutive papers, and bound it into this form. But it is not only the trimming knives and the binding

No. from East

No. Day Dodgers

Total Class Enrollment

No. from Midwest

No. Dorm Students

No. Born in U. S.

No. in E. C. all 4 Years

The Circles: Proportion of class of '42 to '41; to all grads of last 4 years.

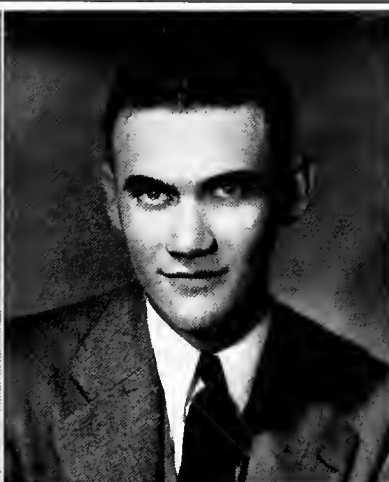
presses that have given it this form. There is form in it that is subtler than that—something of ourselves—because this is the way we looked at things while they were happening. That is as much the making of the book as anything the staff labored over. And so in presenting this book we are presenting ourselves—the unique accumulation of fellows and girls who were coming and going around Earlham as Seniors in 1942.

It is somehow warmly and fondly that we lay down our personalities on these pages. There is much that we remember together. You must know us—as we begin to know each other, now—we who have made this book. Alma Alley is that charming bit of personality with the smile that won't come off. She is the one we remember in Earlham chapels for her music—especially those of us who heard her sing "Oh Johnnie." Eileen Balfe came walking up D Street, knitting bag in hand—the gal who could knit mittens in *any* prof's class. She's a clever person, and always ready to boost our Alma Mater. A flash of a quiet maroon Oldsmobile is the setting for Babe Corsi. He certainly has been a persistent fellow and it looks as if that economics major is paying off already. Dick Balfe is the fellow who finds loopholes in law cases. Babe and Dick study quite often in the libe with Bob Brower. Remember the

Alma Alley

Richard Balfe

Eileen Balfe



Robert Campbell

Myron Corsi

Robert Brower

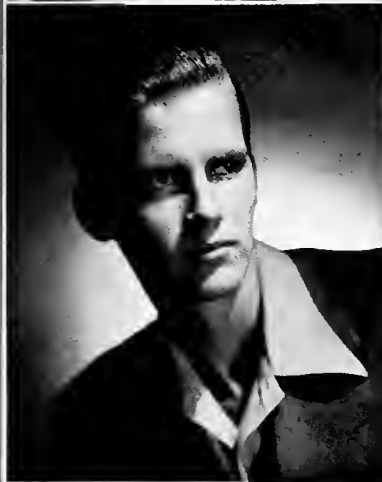
typical business men's suits, the tie pins—and incidentally, Bob is a connoisseur of antiques, and loves 'em. Here is Bob Campbell, too, with his car, hair, and smile which really have to be known to be appreciated; at least Frances Cail thought so!

On this page we have the editor of our book, tall Earl Fowler. His inspirations, always tinged with the modernistic, have given us our class banner and have helped us over many spots where our minds seemed devoid of ideas. We admire his abilities and his graciousness of manner. Even when it comes to burlesquing Hamlet (!) the depth of character and intelligence you always associate with Earl are there.

Thea Briggs

William Farmer

Valarie Barrows



Earl Fowler

Ruth Binns

Lowell Cox

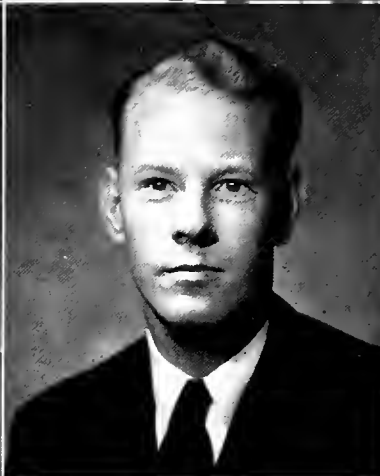
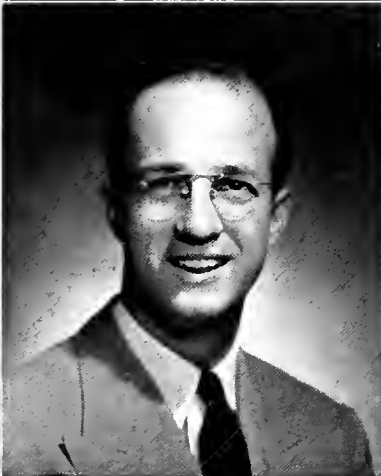
Lowell Cox is always a big help when you want to burlesque, too. It's surprising to us that he hasn't made a Rudolf Leeds editorial with his "Workers of the World, Unite!" It's rather typical to picture him here surrounded by girls. Valarie Barrows probably doesn't mind—used as she is to one-woman—all-men classes. Ask Valarie to do anything for you and her generous nature will comply. One girl on campus who can really let down her hair and wear gypsy colors is Thea. If we could all be so carefree! And ask any Yankee trading shotguns and loving class picnics and he's sure to know Bill Farmer. Remember "Binzo," too—always ready to go. Her class spirit rides in the wake only of her athletic fervor.

All of those in Rural Sociology class will recall one brighteyed girl defending the rural population against both the text and the professor. Fran Cail Campbell, this is, one of those constant and "steady" people— And this delectable bundle of zoom and swish is Sue Carr. We heard her characteristic laugh, so full of rollicking and then gone so suddenly, and immediately she came into our circle. Things get done with Sue around! The economic, politic, journalistic card-shark, Wayne Guernsey, is well known to all who have ears to hear as the serious orator with deep voice and many gestures. These boys have ambitions—Wayne, Bill and John. Bill

Frances Campbell

W. Noble Greene

Susan Carr



Wayne Guernsey

William Hale

John E. Hill

led our Freshman activities with the same zest, seriousness, and friendly flirting with which he manages the most difficult situations, while John is recognized for his conscientious leadership and his fondness for blond hair. And can he sing a merry tune! Noble Green and his wife live at Fountain City (an ambition already come true, perhaps).

Here, without a double, is our man of many roles, Archibald Quince Klute—hero, prompter, gravedigger! He manufactures personalities on stage, cartoons his way through classes, and goes to and fro each day like the rest of these illustrious

Thomas Klute

Dorothy Coggeshall



Eleanor Dilks

Guy Jones

day-dogers. —Guy Jones, man of many “E’s”, president of the Varsity Club, accountant de luxe but best remembered by some because they rode in his exceptional Model “A”— Dorothy Coggeshall, the girl with the husky voice, who breezed into our class from California—and Eleanor Dilks, frequentress of the biology lab in Bundy basement; she knows her Buick and her *fraxinus quadrangulata*.

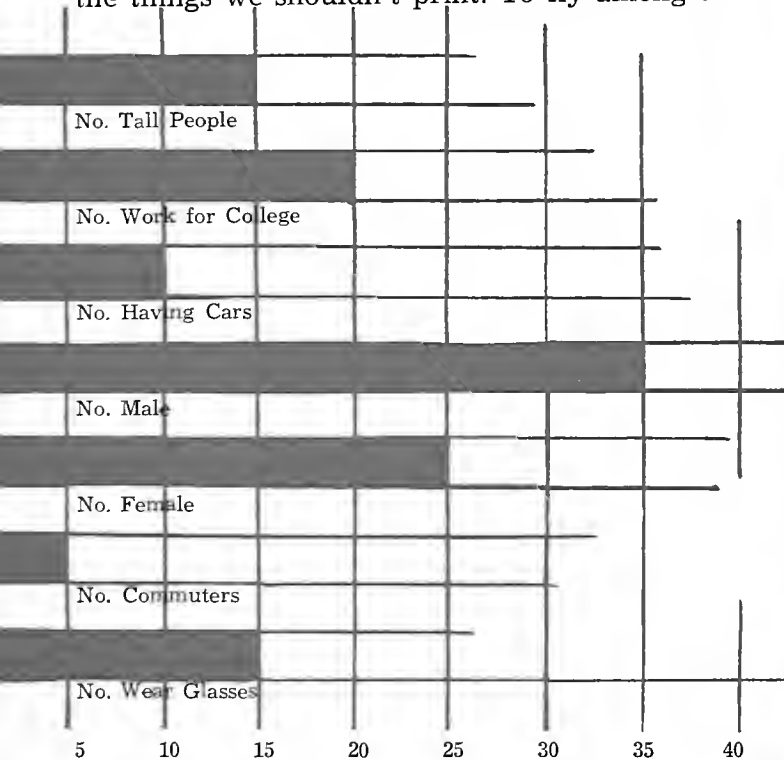
Billie is the first of the Seniors to land a job. She appreciates people and we appreciate her—the characteristic tongue in cheek and side remarks! We recall the hours she spent on class programs, picnics, and the other jobs we turned over to her. Stupendous is the only word that would begin to describe the number and magnitude of the things “Bright Spot” Fuller does. She flashes around the campus, the busiest day-dodger abroad. A friend to all, a cheery “Hi-Girl”, red hair, and a poncho under the stars; so Lois lives her life!

Someday we’ll heed the Gorman wit and subtle wisdom. Libby’s another of those people you get to know when you’re a Senior, never to forget. Her class spirit was never lacking—even when it came to drafting a hockey team! Teasing and subtle wisdom, yes—and speaking of wisdom, what prophet can tell us who will be able to fill the sudden McCoy’s place with next year’s Freshman girls? Here, too, we see Ralph McCracken, who manages anything from the dishwasher to the track team to the Sargasso’s finances in a strictly businesslike manner, and always prefers Bundy to Earlham so far as we can see. Bill Layden had a technique of his own. As a Freshman he made it his ambition to learn everyone’s name. In that we know he got as far as Test. Far enough! Bill is a B.M.O.C. in more ways than one.

Red-haired “Robinhood” Rollf, president of Mask and Mantle and star of the baskets, the boards, and the bases, is mystery personified. Self-confident and temperamental, he is an Earlham actor of the highest caliber. Conscientious “Johnny-on-the-spot”

Hoover is a good sport, and as captain of the Senior hockey team, she did her best to make the Seniors win. We liked her as co-chairman of the Women's Precedent Committee this year.

Ah, the Royal Order of the Probies Club loses its last member with the graduation of Louis Marstaller. When he goes home, he has the longest ride east—to Freeport, Maine. Louis, a member of the Sargasso literary staff, thought of all the things we shouldn't print. To fly among the



clouds far above the earth is Marté's aspiration. Will-o'-the-wisp, capricious, she plasters her walls with pictures of airplanes and hopes to get into commercial flying.

June's natural loveliness is delightfully refreshing. Smiling, June is as brilliant and competent as she is feminine. She has played leads across the footlights during four years for Earlham audiences. This year she has been our Homecoming Queen and president of the A.W.S.

Franz with his European background makes us know that the days of King Arthur and chivalry are not yet gone. A cultured linguist, he is a connoisseur of classical music and art.

Wilhelmina Eckey

Robert McCoy



Louis Marstaller

Martha Hargrove

William Layden

Elizabeth Gorman



June Griswold

Franz Roehr

Lois Fuller

Ralph McCracken



Robert Rollf

Miriam Hoover

We have another classmate, Margaret Haworth, who has only been with us three years. Margaret is gracious and has a deep understanding for her friends. Her brown eyes flirt. Investigating the latest evidences of Eleanor Lyans' ambition (she of the exaggerated wisecracks), we find she finished her requirements for nurse's training last October and is now polishing off a couple of years of college.— Among our talented is super-swimmer and Queen, Marilyn. Her wit and humor are unmatched, and her efficiency is the secret of her gracefulness. John Rourke, Earl Schwyhart, and Gordon Smith have been come and go men. John's presence on campus is quiet enough, but there is a touch of potential Irish dynamite, too. Earl handles the Earlham hook-up with WKBV, the film projectors, and is connected



Gordon Smith

Marilyn Miller

John D. Rourke

with other hook-ups and projects around Earlham. Gordon, the Deacon, has been undecided as to what his vocation should be, and has changed his mind so far every semester.

Dottie Reeder—all round college girl—whose interests include sports, dramatics, literature, and anything Earlham, is a jolly bundle of joy who always sees the right side of everything and the best in everyone. She's a trim girl with a swinging stride and a head full of ideas. And Mary Smith, conscientious, and hard-working though she is, and always ready with a helping hand for anyone, still finds time to see her giant from New York. Gene Stevens should fit in here as a serious worker and is to be remembered as one of our best boosters. Not to be outdone anywhere is the "quiz-kid" of "quiz-kids"—a conversationalist plus—learned in many fields—our one and only Mary Polk—a real gem. Polk and Haworth hold down their corner of the dorm despite all intrusion. And meet Doc Smelser—one swell guy, and probably the smoothest dresser of "ye old" '42. He was our Sophomore president, but the Chem lab is almost his greatest love— Then of course with much "reverence" we mention our dual personality—the man with the soft persuasive voice,

many cars and romances—but a truly real football player; remember Phil Smith—honorable mention All-State!

Tracy trumpets our Senior year as class president. Any hour of the day—at chapel, dishwashing, E. H. Office, and the perpetual jibe is going strong. Here's the ambitious fellow, Tracy; several businesses on the side, many responsible positions (and some irresponsible ones), and he sees them through with determination. Helen

Dorothea Reeder

Eugene Stevens

Mary Polk



Phillips B. Smith

Mary E. Smith

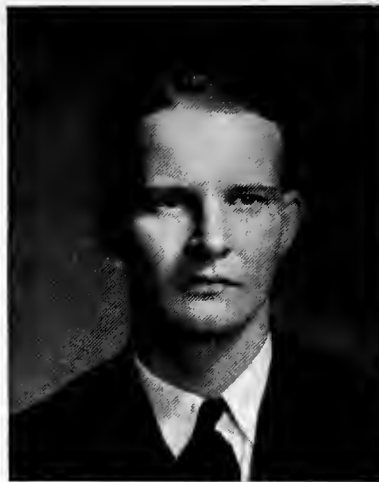
Wayne Smelser

Wessel has been day-dodging back and forth for several years as a special student home economist. She furnishes our class with specials in disposition and cooking—which go together after all.

Mildred Jane, graciously giving of her dietetics knowledge and her time, refreshes all of us who know her. Bill and the pursuit of happiness we always associate with Mildred Jane.

Ernest Tracy

Helen Wessel



Mildred Jane Test

William Thistlethwaite



Eleanor N. Lyans



John Thorne

Mary E. Ryle



Three times a president, Bill Thistlethwaite proves himself capable in executive ways. Maybe it is because of Bill's sincerity that we keep on electing him. It is hail fellow well met to greet John Thorne striding the sidewalk to Carp. Try to keep track of him and you're better than we are. Any man who has changed majors four times and spent a year at the U. of Hawaii ought to be interesting enough for anyone, eh? We are glad to know Mary Ryle. We like her sparkling personality and the way she says nice things about everybody. But no acquaintanceship would be complete until she sang, and was heard, and greatly applauded.



Jane Turner

Leonard Weyl

John H. Williams



William Wolf

Winifred Wright

Russell Whitmore

History wizard Leonard Weyl is a native of Frankfort, Germany, and the possessor of a distinctly British accent. Proud, a talented artist, an ambitious pre-med., Lennie gives his devotion to the causes nearest his heart. Sweet, feminine Winnie goes out next year to teach Home Ec. and English. We'll guarantee that all the pupils will "love teacher," too.

"Hey fellas" Turner is the girl we see ambling all over the campus in her lab coat, singing and whistling the newest swing job. A one-man team, a great pal is Janie. As a general organizer, as our class social chairman, and as the co-writer of our class songs, she's tops. Russ knows his *Esquire* up and down—just ask him! And he certainly looks as if he reads the ads. To med. school his path leads. And now clear the way for Prexy's rival politician, executive Bill Wolf. "Bill and I are about the best politicians in school," admits Prexy. As president of the Student Senate, Bill has devoted his time and work as middleman to reach an equitable agreement between students and Board of Trustees about the embryonic Earlham commons. John Howard Williams doesn't spend much time on campus "Joe-ing" and buzzing

We who are Seniors at Earlham

around, but he is a true friend, an absorbed biology student, and a home-loving man it would seem.

Virginia Raiford, Russell Cloud, and Joe Garoffolo belong in our Senior class, though they are not pictured. Ginny, whose happiness and despair, and gifted tongue make her a dialect actress of temperament and ability, is camera-shy. Russell is only to be found on the road between here and Connersville, whence he comes and whither he goes unobtrusively. And Joe, the football man, whose ability the army recognized by deferring him so that he might finish the season, has gone to the service.

But while this year lasts we are the Seniors at Earlham. Not for long. Already some of us have had to break off with this year unfinished. There are disasters and surges of effort in the world that overshadow our climax. We are probably the last class that will come out of Earlham as it is, having taken a leisurely four years to graduate. Earlham will follow a new vision of herself and meet time with achievement. And the world's absorbing demand for crusade and striving will strike leisure out of our lives for this time. But while this year lasts it will become to the end our year to experience—and to hold.

This book we have made to hold the unfolding experience of this year. The editor brought from Iowa the idea for our monk's cloth and fabrikoid cover. The second color used throughout was discovered on the dust jacket of a recent book. The paper is one hundred pound number one white enamel stock—the headings are *Onyx*, the body type is *Textype*. The layouts were inspired from Harpers' *Bazaar*, *Fortune*, the Sears Roebuck Catalog, and the thin air. But the labor involved was the swift clear grasp of the day and hour and swift moment as we knew them in the moment of their existence. This labor has been accomplished by making ourselves into a somewhat nebulous staff of Sargasso.



We who are Seniors at Earlham

Photography is vision for our book—vision become forever in an instant. Leonard Weyl was providing our photography, until the government deprived him of his Leica and the use of our Graflex. Then we had to look beyond ourselves—to Ruthanna Borden, to Leby, to Miss Castator, for our photographs. Sue Carr and her Features Staff, Billy Eckey, Tom Klute, and Bill Thistlethwaite, got together with the Editor and almost anyone else who was interested, and talked over the design, the intention of the book; theories of layout; points of view; the balance of copy and photos. Research Editor McCoy and Winnie Wright, Marilyn Miller, and Bob Rollf, his staff, dug out the raw materials, the data, the items we needed to have at hand. Dottie Reeder, Louis Marstaller, Mary Polk, Lois Fuller, and Ruth Binns, the first being the editor and the rest being the staff of the literary division, took the raw materials and wrote them into undying phrases that respoke our earthly thunder. Tracy, with Layden, Turner, and Eileen Balfe, did the dirty work of arranging and organizing the mechanical process of the production. And McCracken, who took over Guy Jones' well prepared position as Business Manager, gave us the financial support that enabled us to carry out our schemes, even when they were a little wild and impractical. Bill Wolf and Wayne Smelser helped Mac.

But the Editor's real inspiration was his secretary, of course; and his right hand man was his assistant, Wayne Guernsey. Without June he could not have conceived nor comprehended, in our sunken, dismal office, the sweep and meaning of the shapeless thing that our book was in the beginning. Without Wayne, he could not have accomplished the tedious and technical compilation and dealing that



was necessary. Then as the deadlines rushed by and our staff stirred itself into purpose and effort, we began to believe there was a shape, and to watch it come and to make it ourselves, until our book emerged one day with what we had put in it and enclosed it in.

We who are Seniors at Earlham in 1942 are presenting this Sargasso that we have made. Not as a book, merely, but as a rich portrait of the Earlham in which our lives revolved for this one great hectic superb time of our lives.

JANET ROBERTS

[Editor's Note: Fortunately there is enough space here to include a word about Janet Roberts, who returned after an extended absence just in time to graduate with our class. We hadn't forgotten her, even after all that time.]

CARDIAC STATISTICS; HAVE YOU HEARD

. . . that 37% of the senior class "go steady"? And that at least 14% of the senior girls are wearing engagement rings? When we were freshmen they always told us Earlham was the place to get a man!

29% of our class seem to be unable to make up their minds whether Bill or Bob is their favorite, so this 29% "get around" a good deal in varied company.

The book-worms and the my-heart-belongs-to-Daddy type make up 26% of the senior ranks. These man-haters and woman-haters and "unclaimed jewels" stay at home much of the time or else hobnob with members of their own sex.

Ah, fair Earlham romance, 8% of us who will be graduated are already married: what a class have we! what a cem. have we! what other things too numerous and private to mention have we!



THE FRESHMEN THE BEGINNING of a BEGINNING and LATER

What are these Freshmen? A self-confident, strange, babbling mass that suddenly appears at the heart of our campus . . . A flurry of faces and forms that come and go without hesitation, appropriating as their own our familiar paths and stairs . . . A great weight of bag and baggage straining upward in Earlham Hall elevator . . . An endless line that moves with the monotonous click of the attendance camera, labeling unfamiliar face with unfamiliar name . . . A straggling series of preoccupied groups proceeding in shifts from library instruction to aptitude tests to physical examinations. A full dining room that overflows to East and West . . .

Perhaps it is in the dining room that this chaotic mass begins to define itself. The strangeness is suddenly a little less. Together there are sings in the evening, parties, tours, with a strong undercurrent of staff members, who set to work to boom the Freshmen into the surge and swing of Earlham before the tide of returning students comes. Reception under the willow, Mrs. Dennis' swaying lanterns, poor Frazier whose mother, aunts, and sisters all went to Earlham . . . Registration . . . More tests . . . The class' sideshow . . . And somehow the days of the Freshman's Week are numbered—disintegrated—absorbed by the returning population which brings with it routine,



Alice Pemberton
Alice Mary Ranck
Emily Haines

Jane White
Janet Howell
Marietta Post
Alice Payne



Mark Kishego
Seth Eikenberry
Frank Hornbrook

Ellen Drace
Lelia Marstaller
Rachel Bruning
Peggy Collings
Mary Hunt



Cicely Canby
Betty White
Jo Strelan

Elizabeth Leszkiewicz
Meg Bowman
Jean Pratt



Jessamine Campbell
Mary Robbins
Frances Robbins
Bill Brown

Martha Mayer
Lillie May Russell
Helen Thompson

stability, familiarity—and precedent.

Red freshman handbooks can be seen protruding out of hip and vest pockets—a startling bit of color against the white clothes of Freshman waiters. “Alma Mater, Alma Mater”—the theme song of



RuthAnne Gorman
Beatrice Finch
Dorothy Armstrong
Ruthanna Borden

Wilford Frazier
Warren Corwin

Dorothy Britton



Barbara Markley
RuthAnna Farlow
Madeline Chapman
Patricia Randall

Kenneth Harger
Cy Courtney
Bill King

Robert Marvin
Dick Cain
David Hepburn



Robert Wixom
Arthur White
Donald Stanley
Peter Frank
Kirk Roberts

Marcia Darkus
Mary Strack

Marjorie Lindley
Wanda Freeman
Barbara Hyne



Glen Hymer
Bill Wildman
Harry Nickelson
Ray Davis
Donald Denny

Donald Morris

Eugene Michael
Herbert Pettengill
Robert O'Maley

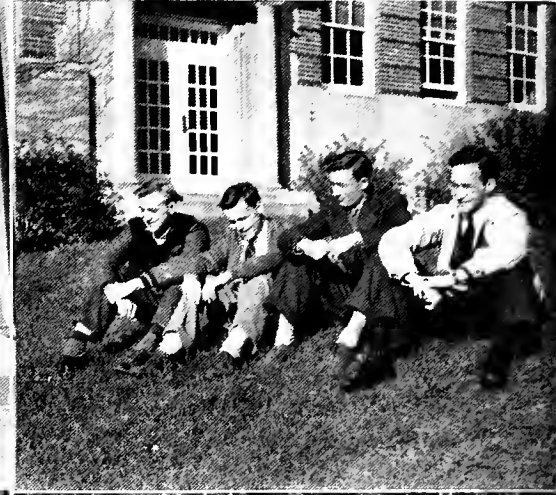


Alice Bell
Kaye Kirk
Louisa Pendleton
Martha Peery

Vincent LaRusso

Carlyle Hill
Robert Allen
Dick Cummins
George Werner

Freshmen for September and October continuously brings us to our feet. "Wallop Wabash"—"Beeeeeaa—t Rose Poly, one, two, three, four . . ."—Dusty Rhoads leads a line of chanters which weaves through the dining room. Pale faces against green collars . . .shapely calves dressed in green garters . . .



calves dressed in green garters . . . (Don't wear your garters downtown, girls, because there are men who stand on street corners, and Earlham women . . .) Starched collars for the game . . . harlequin colors smeared on too-schoolgirl complexions . . . bird cages . . . the inevitable lampshades . . . Mary Stowe's two-tone job . . . unmistakable evidence of the vigilance of "the committee". Then the tense night in Bundy . . . loud, imperious voice summoning next victim and next

FIRST ROW: Elizabeth Parker, Mary Helen Calbert, Mary E. Walls, Jean Vilberg, Ann Sproul, Barbara Horne, Fritz Wiegelmesser, John Nicholson, Richard Burlingame, Harvey Buckman, Patricia France, Faith Maris, Sarah Joyner, Phyllis Kaighn.

SECOND ROW: Mary L. McMinn, Sarah Winklepleck, Rosalie Morton, Betty June Martin, Eloise Nifer, Carolyn Griffith, Willadene McMahan, Phyllis Porter, Marion Alexander, Barclay Bowman, William Conway, William Dillon.

THIRD ROW: Raymond Lowes, Harold Rothermel, Walter Zabel, Wilbur Rodenburg, Mary Stowe, Jean Ratliff, Helen Dodd, Gerry Golden, Betsy Pedersen, Helen Steadman.

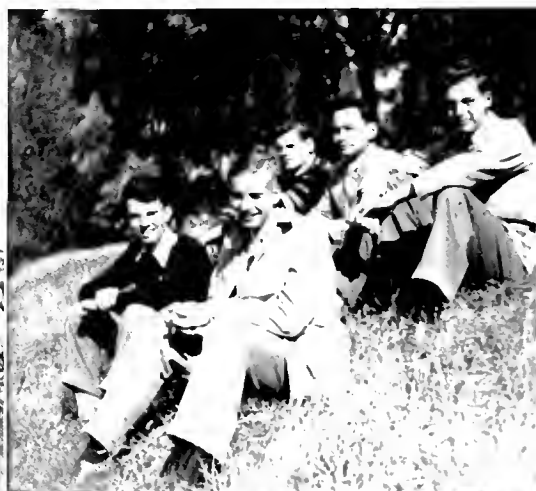
FIRST ROW: Keith Hensley, Lowell Petry, Dudley Stinson, Hugh Patrick, Bonnie Clevenger, Martha Wood, Helen Ferris, Richard Graves, James Day, Robert Cheatham, David Blyler, Lawrence Rhoads.

SECOND ROW: Dorothy Hirschfeld, Jean Lawrence, Marguerite Steane, Alice Smith, Charles Draver, James Hanning, Elaine Smith, Carolyn Maddox, Russell Grant, Leanna Barker, Mary Beth Kissick, Violet Masters, Dorothy Lueder.

THIRD ROW: Jon Thornburg, Dale Tyler, Martha Gilmer, Madeleine Nicholson, Patricia Hanes, Rebecca Stuck, Sally Land, Tom Smith, Earl Estes, William Guernsey, Keith Schwyhart, Ralph Partington, Marlin Cameron.

victim . . . the halting steps . . . the gruelling scene under the bright light . . . resounding whack . . . resulting in: green caps, name posters, the crescendo of ten steps and a yell that signifies the last five minutes of any class period on Friday.

Freshmen always take up more room than any other class—in chapel, at the games, in the lunch line. Potential energy which the upperclassmen seize and set to building bonfires, distributing *Earlham Posts*, selling candy at the games, buzz-



The Freshmen

hopping for E. C. office. "Get a bunch of Freshmen"—"All Freshmen out"—"Freshmen sit together in the bleachers—and *yell!*"—"Freshman on the phone!" There are more Freshmen in classes than the rest, because Freshmen don't cut classes—at least for a month or so. The breakfast line is clogged with Freshmen, because Freshmen don't miss breakfast at first. There is a high percentage of Freshmen in Chapel, because they have been sold tickets by enterprising Sophomores. There are more Freshmen in the cem. because, lured by the glass tombstone they remain, quickly enchanted by the beauties of the spot.

But, to cut out the exaggeration. The real importance of the Freshmen is that they every year are the source of many things. The source of the future college population. The source of a new spirit at Earlham, through which, alone, she grows and succeeds more greatly. The source of renewed beginning, that looks forward with purpose to the things that Earlham can give, and makes the giving of them a full time job for the profs, and not whimsy. They are, in fact, replenishing of the resources of opinion, desire, manpower, originality, thought, and spirit that have been depleted by the spring exit before. (Source of beautiful women, too, if you can get in there soon enough.)

The great unknown factor in the beginning: personality. The strangeness of Freshmen is not that we don't know their names. It is that acquaintance is not a sudden thing. The interplay and competition and development that display the personalities of those involved are keenly interesting to us. Because then the greenness disappears—there is comfortable companionship and mutual appreciation and mutual accomplishment.

It can't be known what would happen if there were no Freshman Week Staff looking forward to this acquaintance and adjustment. The traditional picnic at Prexy's farm gathers the Staff. There are many instructions—the whole to function in a detailed program designed with experienced thoroughness. Train-meeters and bus-meeters, and then the Heart committee itself, give a lot of technical information, place the Freshman in his room, name him, assign him, cross-register him. The Staff is guide and reference through those days.

The Freshmen

Great help, indispensable, in fact, is the little red bible, the Handbook. Student Senate project, Y M-Y W edited. Here are recorded, by the Handbook committee, the details. Innumerable details that define for the Freshman his new environment. Together with captions: "Be on time—read bulletin board." The popularity of this volume extends beyond its intended audience. An important instrument by which the Staff wards off the uninteresting questions and still accomplishes its purpose of giving Freshmen the necessary technical information.

But not only technical information. The fellows and girls who were on the Staff this year, being the ones who first met the Freshmen fellows and girls, were personally responsible for impressions and attitudes that keep Earlham a community from generation to generation.

These Freshmen are worthy. As worthy as we are of being at Earlham, now. We are well acquainted.

FRESHMAN OFFICERS:

Jean Lawrence, Carol Maddox, Dusty Rhoads,
Bea Finch, Fritz Wiegelmesser.



The Freshman week staff



JUNIOR OFFICERS:

Bill Heywood, John Mills, Sarah Hornbrook,
Laura Lindley, Barbara Bogue.



THE JUNIORS THIRD ACT of "THE ROAD TO GLORY"

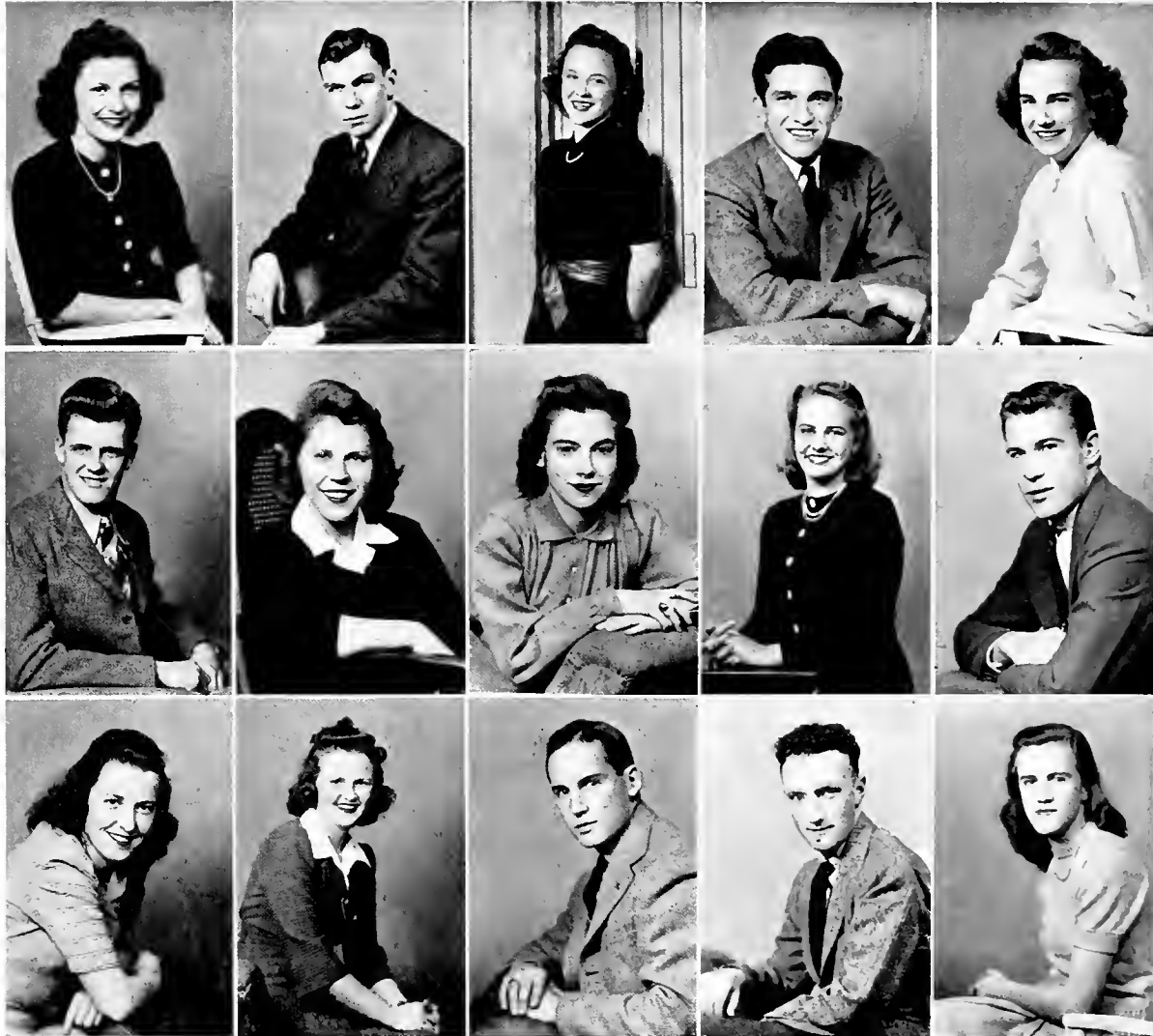
A WHOLE slew of good athletes, male and female. Journalists, actors, the POST Editor, Chloridia dancers. Music and political science—geology and Home Ec. Brains and beauty, these Juniors. They say.

Third year is a year in which there is a shaping toward climax. One place where "Third time's a charm" doesn't necessarily apply. In this third year are fellows and girls who have been Freshmen—have made their beginning then and passed through that painful, free time. They are the ones who became Sophomores, and survived. Now they have reached full upper-class status—a definite advancement that includes the wearing of cords, more evenings for the dorm girls, and the privilege of sitting behind the Seniors in chapel.

FIRST ROW: Barbara Bogue, Rex Anderson, Carolyn Lukens, Gene Ellington, Lucy Higgs.

SECOND ROW: Ralph Elliott, Gene Smith, Wilma Fessler, Sarah Hornbrook, Nesbert Dehoney.

THIRD ROW: Bettie White, Anna Hays, Edwin Jordan, Roy Hamilton, Marian Bye.



Juniors know the ropes. The process of college living is by this time familiar and natural. You'll never see a Junior exerting energy except where it will do him the most good. Such businesses as registration, the menu, laundry, semester exams, have become familiar, and no variation is anymore a surprise. Juniors are either used to things as they are, and satisfied, or intent on acting upon some concern they have harbored for three years.

The Juniors are neither beginning nor ending, but they have attained something in the way of experience and privilege for them-

selves. Beyond that, the label of Juniorism is only a vague designation of time passed, credit hours accumulated, and reputation gained with Miss Long and the Deans. There is no quality that makes them distinguishable out of the college mob. Proof is, that the Juniors, like the



William Heywood
Carol Dowdell
Rosemary Morrow



John Mills
Marcus Hadley
Barbara Hagie



Ruthanna Davis
Al Brumbaugh
Anne Merrill



Peggy Blackburn
Harry Miars
Hartwell Jewell



Patricia Bond
Elizabeth Reynolds
Carroll Boyle

rest of us, answer to such innocent questions as "You're a Freshman, aren't you?," or "How does it feel to be a Senior?" The Juniors play so many roles that it's hard to be sure.



FIRST ROW: Winifred Harris, Monna Jean Rollf, Betsy Ross, Norwood Vail, John Schmidt.

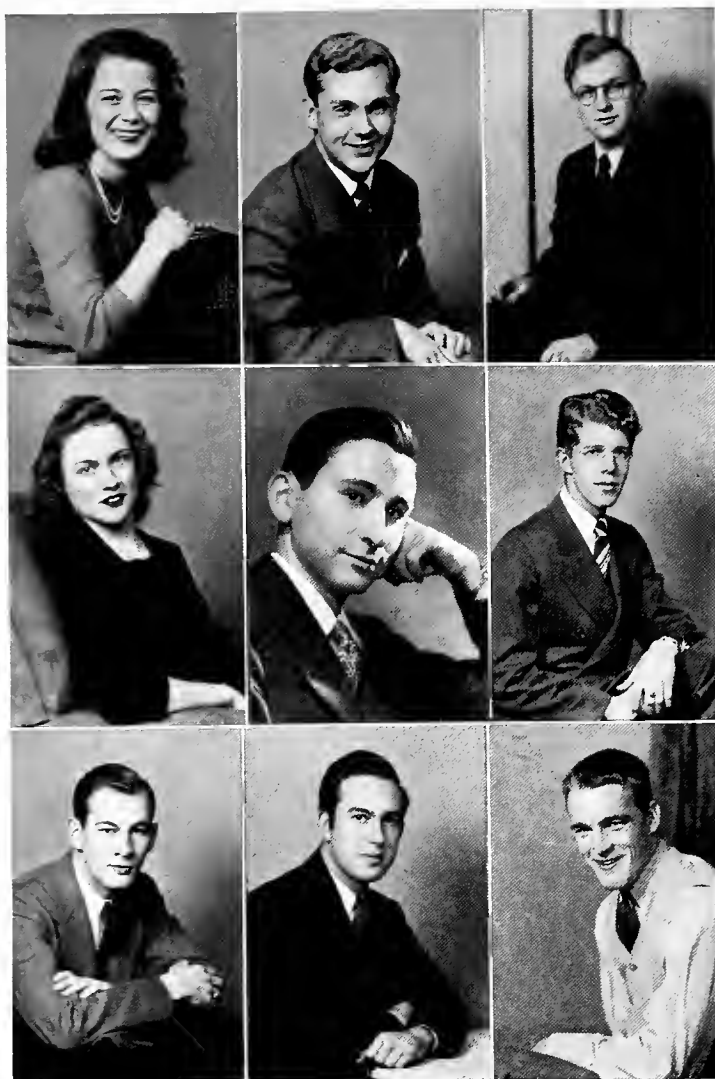
SECOND ROW: Willard Scantland, Betty Craycraft, Royden Parke, Dorothy Northrup, Ralph Richter.

THIRD ROW: Frank Burnet, Ellis Lippincott, Margaret Holroyd, Frances Mayer, Mary Louise Study.

Spirit and noise, zoom of team on field and floor. This year the Juniors set the pace!

They fill in the organizations, the social events, the varied portions of college life with an interested and vital crowd.

And three years is long enough time to develop lasting friendships. The groupings that have found themselves within three years



Marie Porter
Joe Steck
James Yount

Margaret Pomeroy
James Goar
Bill Rogers

Emmett Stegall
Henry Lebovitz
Denver Clouser

FIRST ROW: Mauvis Johnson, Mark Ray-
port, Justine Catron, Suzanne Wallace.

SECOND ROW: Mary Mesner, Charles
Laudemann, Laura Lindley, Ed Robinson.



are small. Cut across the Registrar's alignment. These are the groupings that are tangible. Evident at noon and at rush tables—in the libe on the seven-thirty bus. These, Juniors have found.

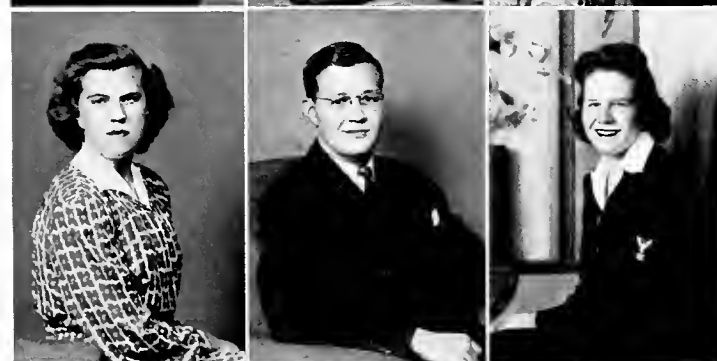
Leadership comes from their ranks where responsibilities have settled. Appointments creep into schedules. "Steadies" emerge and are spotted. Faculty occasionally recall a first name. Majors and vocations are chosen. Junior Orals are a foreshadowing of finality. The road to glory lies ahead.



Frank Weirich
Gladys Binns
Sara Kratz



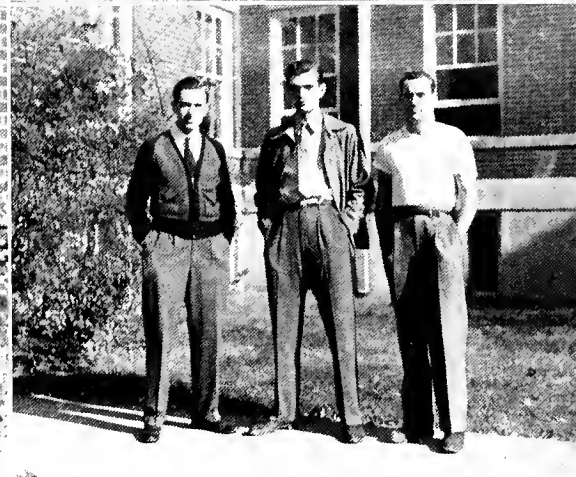
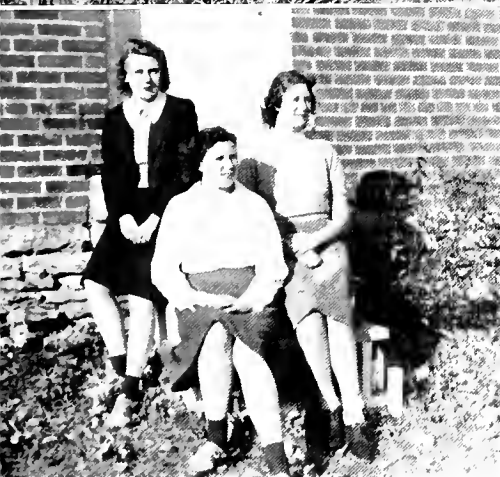
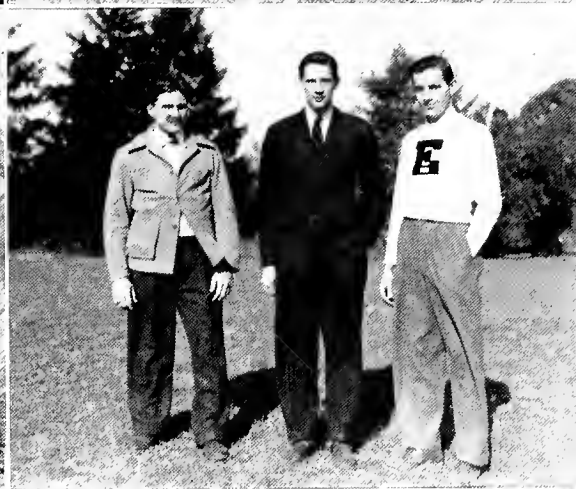
Martha Merritt
Charles Hiatt
Betty Bowen



Martha Calvert
Joe Payne
Jean Ann Hamm



Fred Hall
Elinor Pennell
Eleanor Evans



FIRST ROW: James Bond, Paul Beisner, Helen Ford, Heidi Heubner, Camilla Hewson.

SECOND ROW: Mariana Fogg, Barbara Sims, Rufus Kendall, Robert Wiechmann, John Butler.

THIRD ROW: Marjory Wolf, Marjorie Brown, Pamela Nelson, John Jones, Hubert Shields, Robert Taylor.

SOPHOMORE OFFICERS: John Rogers, Bernie Coe, Betty Corbett, Betty Pennington, Clarabel Hadley.

THE SOPHOMORES

Not here, but somewhere we should like to see fully discussed the question of whether the Sophomore feels a let down or a build up when a Freshman class appears below him. Most people think of it as a build up. But perhaps it is only a build up because of a let down. Or





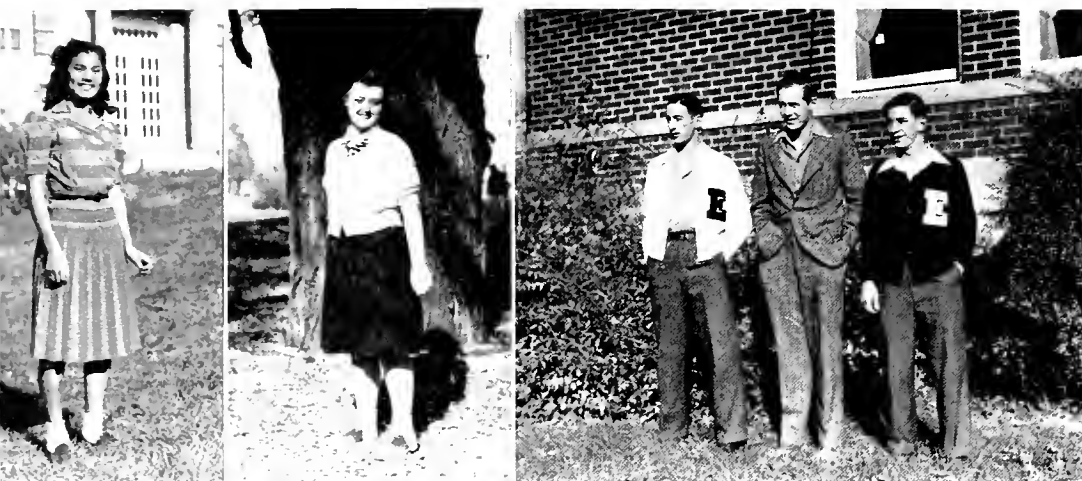
FIRST ROW: Ellen Stanley, Mary Ellen Schmidt, Eleanor Beckman, Eleanore Edwards, Phyllis Greene, Betty Wood, Elizabeth Corbett, Warren Alexander, John Stout.

SECOND ROW: Tom Dudgeon, Robert Smock, Don Endicott, Ann Dougherty, Elizabeth Moore, Marjorie Van Eiten, William Foster, Lucian DeShong, Charles Wilson.

THIRD ROW: Lucile Johnson, Martha Burns, Elaine BeVard, Norris Wisehart, Joseph Binford, Mary K. Laurent, Caleb Zimmerman, Eldon Farmer.

let that go.

These Sophomores are a sort of mainstay around here. Still a large class, but hampered neither by the added responsibilities of one more year, nor the inexperience of one less year, they get around. There is the traditional Sophomore spirit—an unbounded sense of display, experiment, untraditionality. There is plenty of

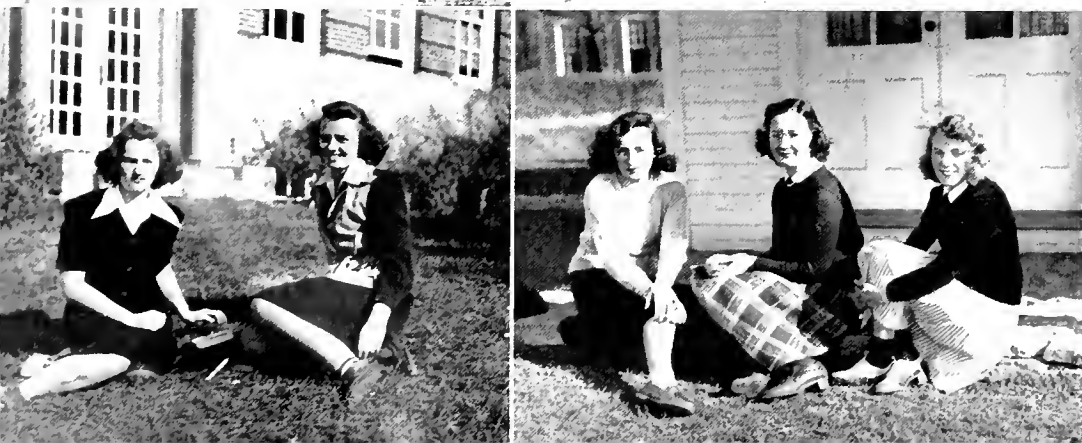


brains, plenty of humanity. The gamut of their activities and interests is the whole gamut. Class lines loyally held.

But they are neither beginning nor ending. No outward circumstance that distinguishes them from the rest of us. They are process. Process that knows its direc-



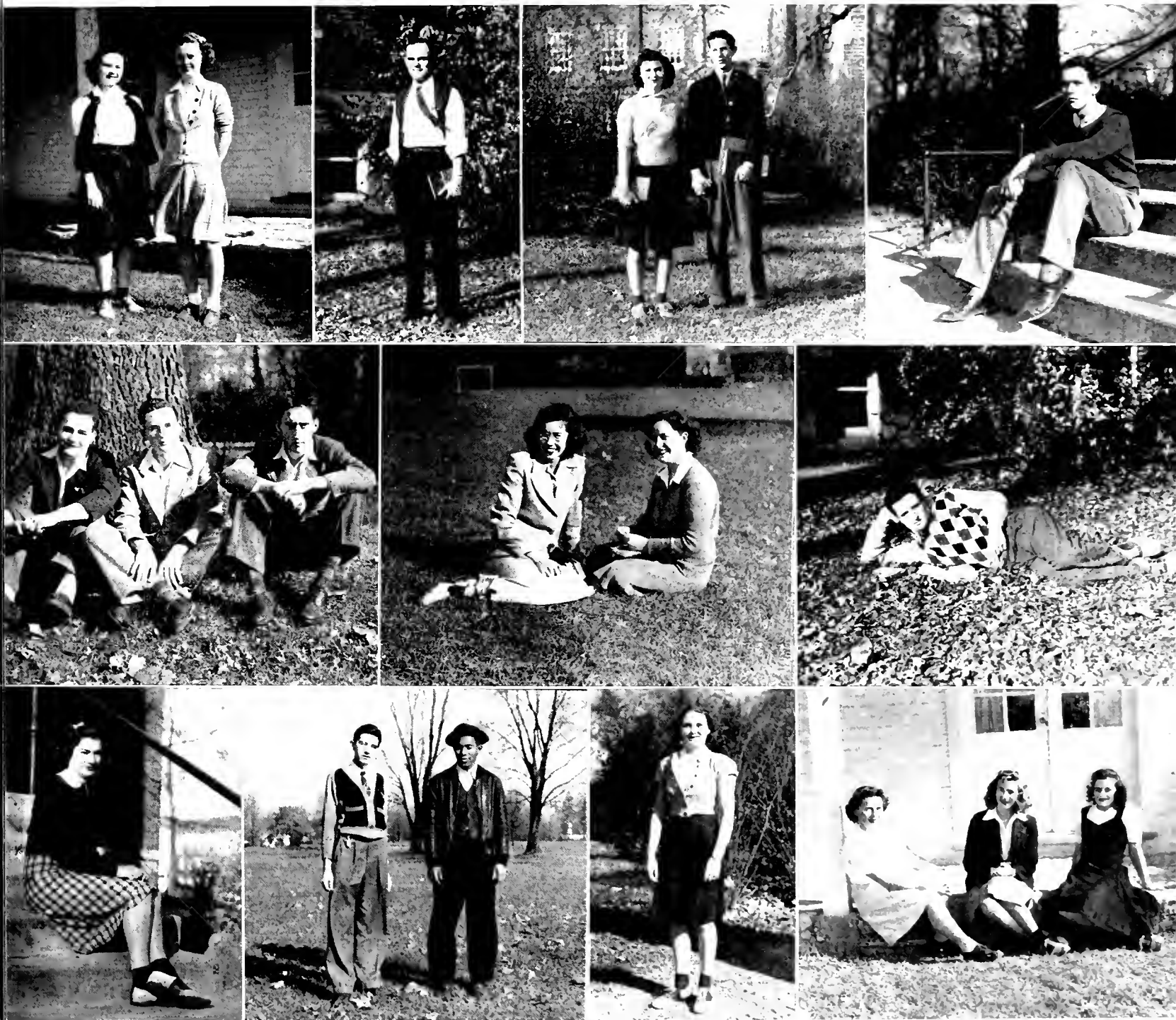
FIRST ROW: Jeanne Ross, Bettie Hargrave, Ellis Breitenbach, James Butler, Jack O'Maley.



SECOND ROW: David Jewell, Martha Bragg, Barbara Bull, Constance Fosler, William Moore.

THIRD ROW: Robert Miller, James Rourke, Mary Pike, Robert Scott.

FOURTH ROW: Constance Cryle, Clarabel Hadley, Barbara Barnard, Virginia Alford, Jean Peene.



FIRST ROW: Helen Overton, Marjorie Hormell, Robert Jefferis, Julianne Richards, William Butterfield, Richard Brown.

SECOND ROW: William Gingery, Jesse Overman, Jack Hart, Nancy Dilks, Betty Jane Stevens, Melvin Russell.

THIRD ROW: Dorothy Mills, Elbert Jones, James Turner, Eunice Crawford, Martha Smith, Rosemary Jenkins, Josephine Olmstead.

tion and begins its pursuit. That lends a touch of seriousness—sometimes. Cars in the dorm, cannons on the Heart, the bell at some ungodly hour while half of Earlham



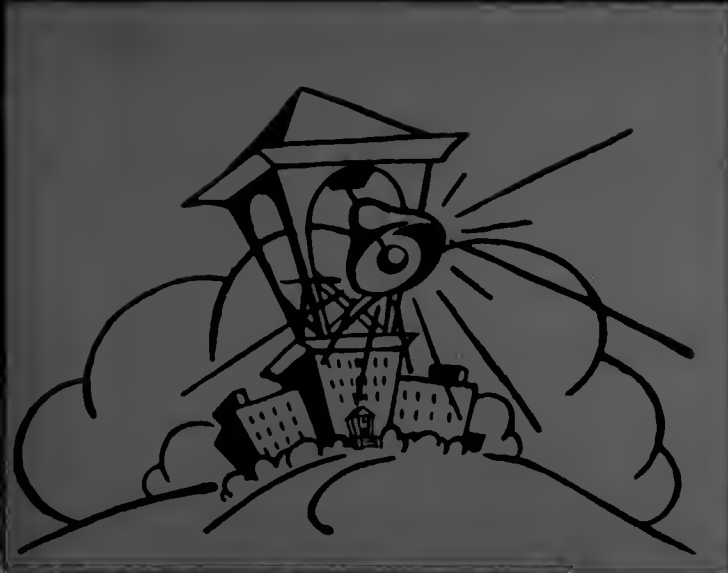
FIRST ROW: Bernard Coe, Eugene Stinetorf, Charlotte Hueber, Doris Garner, Donald Joslin, Betty Pennington, John Rogers.

SECOND ROW: Virginia Evans, Dorothy Webb, Priscilla Hoffman, Phyllis Stallsmith, Marjorie Macklin, Kathryn Henley, Esther Wright, Hubert Zerkel, Arthur Wagner.

THIRD ROW: Jane Egan, Ruth Kinkel, Marian Hadley, Anne Powell, Betty Stewart, Katherine Drischel, Ruth Applegate, Robert Painter, Ted Parker, Al Rigsbee, Earl Smith.

Hall watches—it's the Sophomores. "Phenomena of broadening responsibilities." Great feed-ers and fad-ers. But they have become a part of Earlham by this time, with more of it before them than behind. An enviable position.

L I F E



THE current Senior class, being of an inquisitive turn of mind, and possessing both argumentative and inventive genius, (yeah, that's us) posed this question some time ago. To wit—why are we, or what makes us, as Earlham students, different? What is there about our four years of what is called Life here, that results in *us*? Now that's quite a problem even when one possesses, as we do, at least some of the outer indications of exposure to a college education—such as notebooks of various shapes and sizes, neat piles of old exams, both flunked and unflunked, and many textbooks still resplendent in their unmarred, unopened newness.

We began at the beginning and figured very carefully all the way from the psychological effects of Precedents on the very young and unformed minds of the Freshmen, through the settling influence of studies, athletics, dramatics, and work, to the hectic rat-race, trailing slightly sweat-soiled clouds of glory, known as the Last Year In College. The answer, as the Sociology classes usually conclude, just depends—don't ask the Seniors what on. But we really felt it was quite unfair to pass more or less quietly from Earlham scenes without adding these ideas to the accumulation produced by the great and lowly and housed in that octagonal edifice, the Libe.

Pettyness



Card game



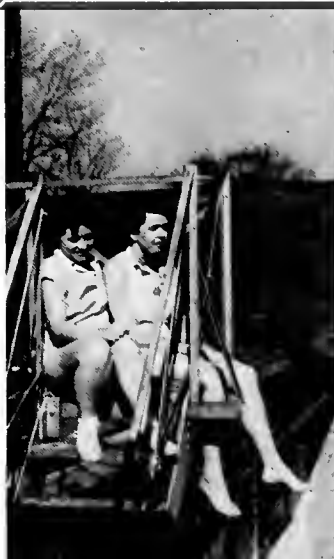
South window



Well, to proceed, the 1942 aggregation's been foolin' 'round campus for four years now. So what? This is what happens. This and more, you merry little underclassmen.

Now we're only Alumni, while you continue to wrap Earlham security around you like a wool blanket on a cold night, smothering the half-mad, yelling, fighting world down to a muffled roar. Save us a corner, while college life continues, for more years than we care to live, to turn small, green Brussels Sprouts into very large, fine cabbages; to give us four years of life that will flavor with richness the years that come after Commencement.

Earlham in private:
day and night



The Den



How is it done? Thus: Take one raw, crisp, sprightly highschool graduate, turn over to the Precedent Committee, brown well on one side then cool and season with coke and cookies from home. Having reduced to proper consistency, educate in the following accomplishments: How to eat à la earlham; make friends (see Earlham Hall Lobbying procedure); mess around the commons with noise, and the Libe without; how to bone, cram, and grind; and to listen to speakers from that odd place, the outside world. Then he must learn dress and posture—to avoid cleaning saddle shoes after carefully nursing them to a properly ripened state; to wear class insignia,

Gyp shop gathering





Joe likes Earlham food

whatever they may be, with nonchalance and ease; to slump, sprawl, amble, twist, or turn with the required worldly abandon, and without suffering any major dislocations. And to go home for vacations and come back, playing bridge all night both ways; to use the kicking post, the Cem., and Carp to the best advantage; and to prepare any subject during the Chapel program, according to the best methods.

Somewhat more formal than this is the influence of various kinds of work on the rather large percentage who are on duty at some time or another in the Libe, kitchens, athletic fields, the Dairy, the offices, and the stables. One picks

Jim moves in



This doesn't really happen



up the finer points of feeding that screaming aggregation that comprises, at any other than the noon hour, the student body; of supplying any book on any subject from the reserve room, stacks, or reference shelves—without the minor essentials of title or author, and with only the general subject, the size and the color of the volume as clues; of locating as many girls (or boys, as the case may be) as is necessary at 7:30—by the use of the same method as with books; of drawing all kinds of lines on all sorts of playing fields; and of dressing up any horse to match any one of our riding co-eds.

There are two other influences—or, more formally, curricular items—which contribute to

This doesn't happen often





Some of the Day Dodgers

the evolution of the well-rounded, finished Earhamite: namely, DayDodging and Campistry. The first includes catching buses—7:45 a.m. and others—in snow, cold, rain or sunshine; Den loafing; and pacifying one's family when they suddenly find themselves the proud possessors of a flitting shadow who appears in the late dusk to raid the icebox, and retire, flopping slightly from sheer weariness, only to emerge again at unholy morning hours, gulp coffee, grab books, and desperately chase a bus while gobbling a doughnut. The second item—Campistry—is a favorite major field which, with a comprehensive, every Earham student covers more or less com-

Eat, sleep, work, and play



pletely. It may be, and usually is, taken under one or more student instructors.

If followed carefully this recipe should produce a real Earlhamite with four years of experience under his belt which simply can't be duplicated.

But still deeper, under the froth of slang, clothes, dates, and kidding, they all will acquire, as we have, that happy sense of security in the protected world of Earlham College, where the benevolent ghosts of Daddy Hole, Dr. Woodward, and many others, stand guard in the shadows of tall elms and spreading maples. From their years to ours, and from ours to yours, this is the Life.

Steam shower



Shining morning face



THE FACULTY AND OUR CLASSES WITH THEM

AT EARLHAM COLLEGE we get our knowledge. There are an estimated twenty-five gallons of de ink slung per nine months here. An estimated four hundred and fifty da pens pooshed an estimated three hundred fifty miles each. An estimated one hundred reams of typing paper curl around the rubber coated rollers of the typewriters here, to emerge with the impression of much (?) information (?). Many books are checked out of our Library, and returned late. Reserve books may be taken out over night, and rushed back in the morning, making *us* late for our eight-o'clocks. A sufficiently large and rather competent faculty takes up res-



GEORGE D. VAN DYKE
Acting Dean of the College and Professor of Physics



CLARA COMSTOCK
*Dean of Women and Professor of Physical Education
for Women*



William E. Berry
*Prof. of Greek and Acting
Prof. of Religion*



George J. Gebauer
Ass't. Prof. of Latin



Elmira Kempton
Instructor in Art

idence in Carpenter Hall every week day, and from that strategic position attracts young men and women from all over the campus, the city, and the surrounding territory. On many otherwise pleasant and normal days, many Earlhamites remain indoors to visit from one classroom to another. All this scholarly activity is proof that Earlham is, in fact, an educational institution.





Classes, profs—the whole activity of schooling is the backbone of our days. There is the thing that brings us together—the purpose without which there would not be this accumulation of buildings and professors and students. It is a purpose that is so elementary and obvious in the set-up and habit of our life here that we soon learn to put it between eating and sleeping and give it as little effort. Like eating and sleeping, it becomes a normal event of every day's happening, and we think no more of its being the core of our life here than we think of missing breakfast or eating lunch.

Study is embodied in the structure of Earlham. This campus spreads and gathers our group of buildings into a focus of education, a knot of endeavor toward knowledge. Carpenter is the heart of this educational plant—a building whose shape and volume is made for administration and instruction. Beginning with Physics, it stretches up through math, language, economics, literature, history toward the higher levels of art and music. There are the rooms and halls that we

Millard S. Markle
Prof. of Biology



Murvel R. Garner
Prof. of Biology



Ernest Atkins Wildman
Prof. of Chemistry



George A. Scherer
Ass't. Prof. of Chemistry





Claude L. Stinneford
Prof. of Economics



Anna May Griffin
*Instructor in Shorthand and
Typewriting*



Milton E. Kraft
Ass't. Prof. of Education

fill with ourselves, shifting and dividing and distributing ourselves according to the bell and the schedule. There are the offices from which our professors emerge at four minutes past. There is the colonnaded wing that serves as a prelude to the President and the Deans—the comptometer and typewriters and desks, files, counters, machines, camouflaged by colonial furniture, oil paintings, blue lights and partitions of crossridged glass. Some rooms are strange to us: Prexy's law library, the music room with its white-ruled blackboard, the choir storeroom where Stagecraft meets, the Physics lab (to most of the girls), the sewing room (to most of the boys). But all of this brown-floored, quietwalled space is made for us to meet and dread in—a place equipped for the most intimate conference of student and





professor, or the most wholesale academic failure and success.

There are other centers of study here and there on the campus. Parry Hall stacks a lot of chemistry into a little space. Its sagging doors somehow manage to hold out over-jealous chemistry students after hours—its soft worn steps somehow survive the strain of the mass exit when the funny can buzzes for lunch—its awkwardly arched windows somehow breathe in enough air to keep experimenters alive in spite of their vile concoctions.—Bundy basement is crowded with biology. The pipe-filled locker-lined corridor leads from labs to lecture rooms, widens into an exhibition hall with stuffed, petrified, modeled, bottled, and otherwise preserved specimens on display, and finally is lost in a maze of offices and labs and storerooms. The dorm seems to weigh heavily from above, and gathers some of the characteristic odor of formalin.

The libe has an atmosphere of public hush and private concentration from eight a.m. to ten p.m. There is study in most insidious form. Wide flat tables spread themselves in a neat clutter of chairs. Books stand ready for reference,

Ruby Davis
Prof. of English

E. Merrill Root
Prof. of English

Anna Eves
Ass't. Prof. of English

Charles E. Cosand
*Prof. of English on the William
N. Trueblood Foundation*





John R. Peters
Instructor in Geology

James Thorp
Acting Prof. of Geology
Not pictured

William Perry Kissick
Associate Prof. of History

James Arthur Funston
Associate Prof. of History and
Political Science



with their thick shoulders bearing their names and authors. The stacks rise from ground to roof like a prison tier, lit by the strange light that filters through the glass floors. The whole is made to be a place where knowledge may be transferred from one container to another with as little loss as possible.

From these places where it is brewed and given out upon the world, study spreads to the most intimate parts of the campus. Wherever there is a desk in Bundy or in Earlham, some term paper may be written, or some typewriter may transcribe in prose or poetry. Wherever there is a soft chair, there may be a long lesson comfortably read, or news or literature comfortably digested. The breakfast line provides for a few last-moment glances before 8:00 o'clocks. Chapel may





be a climax of studious effort. A bench, a hill, the shade of a tree, a commons booth or a bus can make a suitable surrounding for study in any form.

But those who own and operate our study, those who move us to it and give it character, are the faculty. With them and for them we accumulate notes, definitions, rules, facts, interpretations, and explanations that embody our knowledge of many subjects. But, more than that, their attitude and their experience go into our accumulation. They mold and develop our interest. Listening to Prof. Root's lectures, as he shyly interprets Cyrano's love for Roxane, we decide that English isn't so boring, after all. We pick up Funston's method of outlining *everything*, and are so interested in hearing point 3 under "A" in his daily lesson that we forget to listen for the 12:30 dinnerbell. Like Berndtson, we come to think of such innocent and beautiful things as music and free will and synapses in terms of his shocking examples and shocking exams. And while Bruner waits, with his

Florence Long
Associate Prof. of Mathematics
and Head Resident of Earlham
Hall

Louis Fein
Instructor in Mathematics and
Physics and Head Resident of
Bundy Hall

Ethel Mae Miller
Ass't. Prof. of Home Economics

Elsie Marshall
Prof. of Home Economics and
Dietitian





Aurette M. Thomas
Ass't. Prof. of Modern
Languages

Martha Pick
Ass't. Prof. of Modern
Languages

Arthur Matthew Charles
Prof. of Modern Languages

tongue in his cheek, for our thoughts to catch up, we can feel our prejudices and our interests re-arranging themselves in the light of his latest disclosure.





Knowing the professors is part of our education. All of our Earlham culture is colored by their personalities—on and off duty. Their classroom behavior is reflected in our methods and beliefs—and beyond the formality of class, they model for our critical taste in character. Mr. Cox, synthesis of tempest and calm—actor, singer, artist, father of four—seethes alternately fire and oil on the troubled waters. In his three-ring performance he enacts an entire operetta by himself. And, tipping the chairs in the front row and wrapping his foot around the rostrum, or perhaps leaning against the windows, Cosand lectures interminably on Beatrice and Dante visiting Paradise. How does he manage to lecture in such detail without any notes?—Everybody knows Miss Long; it's her job to be known. When David comes down from Chicago to see June, we always make bets whether Miss Long or June will greet him first. Lithe, and more attractive than ever with her new hair-do, she deserves more than she gets from us. Mr. Gebauer is known for his quiet and subtle wit, but when winter came his dense fur coat made him conspicuous far across the campus.



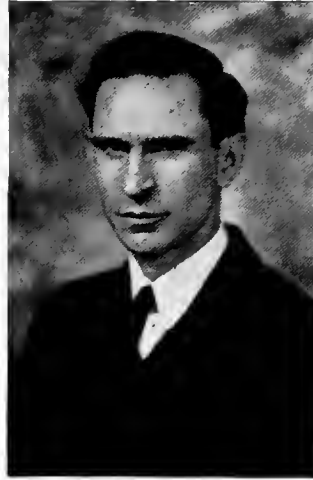
Laurretta C. Mosier
*Instructor in Modern
Languages*



Edwin J. Pattee
*Ass't. Prof. of Modern
Languages*



A. O. Vioni
Instructor in Band



Marjorie Beck Lohman
Instructor in Piano

C. Willard Kisling
*Instructor in Organ and
Theory of Music*

Dail W. Cox
Prof. of Voice

Gentle, kind, understanding—that's our Dr. Garner. We all go away a little better for having known him. Watch him with his little Bea Anne or out on a field trip. We all can take a lesson in living. And gentleman Doc. Berry, who, no matter what dumb mistakes we make, does a cover-up job to save our faces. Ruby Davis, good sport, gladly played guinea-pig so that the rest of us could enjoy a certain student chapel and the Day-Dodgers' Quiz Program. Not only did she sit bravely alone among a group of profs of the male gender, but she stole the show with her brilliance and ability at quick organization.—Who says the Ph D's don't know what's going on!

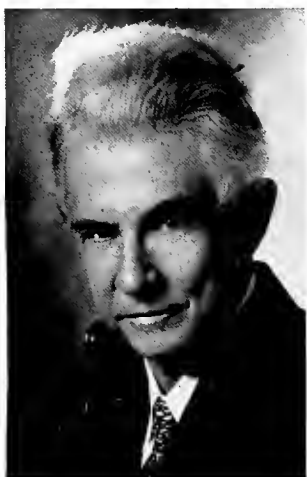




Prof. Charles, Miss Marshall, and Dr. Markle have been a part of Earlham for so much of their lives that they exemplify the very spirit of the college. Professor Charles, handsome, erect, patrician, sponsors the college cause in everything from buying its hogs to chauffering its travelling entertainers. Miss Marshall's career has varied from phys. ed. to foods Prof. Now as dietitian of the college and manager of the dormitory, she is always worried when there aren't enough trays or silver in lunch line. She bears the responsibility of feeding and seating an always varying college population. Dr. Markle is best known for the patter with which he accompanies the movies he shows. We realize that his influence and ability extend beyond Bundy basement and the Faculty parlor when the Audubon society throngs to the campus.

A heavy tread down the hall usually announces Prexy, the man of many accomplishments—one of which, lately announced, is composing poetry about the road as he heads toward spots where Earlham interests lie. He meets us over a

Frederick K. Hicks
Instructor in Violin



Norbert Silbiger
Instructor in Speech



Arthur E. Berndtson
Instructor in Philosophy





Charles M. Woodman
Instructor in Religion



Kathryn Weber
*Instructor in Physical
Education for Women*



J. Owen Huntsman
*Director of Physical Education
for Men*

rostrum at chapel and dashes out of town, leaving Susan to take care of innumerable details, and Funston to take care of the News course. Dr. Scherer goes run-



Edwin P. Trueblood
*Professor of Speech and
Supervisor of Athletics,
Emeritus*





ning into Parry Hall, hat slanting over his eyebrows and his toneless whistle following after him. He proceeds into the classroom where we sit and watch the chalk accumulate on his coat. And then we meet Orville, or he catches us, and in that nice way of his he has us signed up to enter the next speech contest before we realize it. Mr. Kisling eases our nervousness, as we sit on the platform, by a prelude of brilliant organ music.

Someday it will be interesting to look back and remember our impressions of those many hours in class—the strange ideas that accompany our wandering attention. When Spring comes with all its suggestiveness, we sit in Miss Comstock's Art apprec. class and wonder if her hat on the chair wouldn't just fly out of the window and away. Or we sit in Pattee's class where we can just see the tops of the pines over in the cem, and forget whether *aller* is conjugated with *être* or with *avoir*—it doesn't seem to matter. The 1:20 drowse period is best spent in typing where we have to sit up straight and pay attention while Miss Griffin, watch in hand, does the rounds. Kraft's classes are really rare: the side-show is worth the



David K. Bruner
Prof. of Sociology



Howard C. Morgan
Ass't Prof. of Speech and English



E. Orville Johnson
Instructor in Speech



Sarah Geist
Acting Librarian



Elizabeth Jenkins
Assistant Librarian



Dorothy Bond
College Nurse



Opal Thornburg
*Registrar and Secretary
of the Faculty*

price. Dr. Kraft curls up with his yard-stick, or caresses the stand with his limber fingers. He makes us squirm when we don't know our lessons. If you can't pro-





nounce the difficult “euuuuuuu” with your lips rounded, you’ll learn from Miss Pick. A great believer in imitation, she practices pronunciation in front of her classes with a little mirror, much to everyone’s delight. European in procedure, her classes are a colorful change from the usual. Math was a “tough” class until Lou Fein started illustrating his motion problems by telling of his own experiences in a Model-T going to Indianapolis “at variable speeds, sometimes not moving at all.” And Mr. Kissick makes his classes search for the cryptic meaning of his layer cakes, time lines, and x’s in circles.

L. F. Ross
College Physician



H. P. Ross
College Physician



Virgil F. Binford
Business Manager and Superintendent of Buildings and Grounds



Robert N. Huff
Ass't. to the President





No one seems to want to admit that he studies around here. At 4:00 the halls are full of hurrying students, and then suddenly empty. The tennis courts and Reid, Constock, and Van Dyke fields throng with sports-men-and-women. Meetings, games, social events, and feeds fill our evenings and half the nights. But still like a shadow that hangs behind us in the form of exams and D-warnings, there is the undercurrent of classes and faculty that shapes our days here at Earlham.



ATHLETICS AT EARLHAM



THE Athletic scene on Earlham Campus . . . where the “Marauding Maroons” show their true value . . . the melting pot of energy, enthusiasm, and emotions . . . where brawn holds its own with brain . . . and the one place where our school shows spirit and loyalty through the heat of competition . . . pride in victory and sportsmanship in defeat . . . where everyone knows when they hear the old victory bell, that we’ve been victorious once



more . . . the roaring bonfires with freshman doing the snake dance . . . the athletic squads rate keen student support and gain fair results in competition . . . each player carrying on that spirit of sportsmanship which is Earlham tradition.

In the crisp air of autumn afternoons come shouts during hours of rigorous practice . . . the barking of signals . . . smack of leather and hurtling bodies along with the shrilling whistle of the referees . . . the rush down the field . . . the crack of clashing sticks . . . and in the distance . . . up hills and down . . . with the rhythmic pace they have set for themselves are the Cross Country boys . . . the very essence of stamina and endurance . . . empty bleachers are soon filled . . . the crowd roars as the ball arches, then ripples through the net . . . enthusiasm is high . . . each team highly hopeful 'till the Victory is won . . . the crack of the gun as the gals hit the water—swimming their way to a new high in the Intercollegiate Telegraphic Meet . . . the incessant chattering of the infield as the umpire yells “play ball” . . . the crack of the bat and the smack of the ball into the catcher’s mitt.

Yes—Athletics at Earlham where Earlham men lose gracefully and win with honor!

NOTE: Bob Allen pole vaulted one afternoon. Mr. Garner put him on a strip of movie film. We made some enlarged negatives from his prints, and then made prints of our own, taking every second frame out of the strip. We sent these prints to the engraver, and they made a series of eighteen cuts from them. These cuts are printed at the top of each odd-numbered page. The point is, that (if you haven't discovered it by this time) you can reproduce Mr. Allen's jump in action, simply by flipping the pages, proceeding from the front to the back of the book. And he'll go into reverse if you do.



REVIEW of the TIDE of BATTLE in Men's Sports

When school opened in September, ten football lettermen and a number of promising new-comers slipped into their moleskins to toughen up for a seven-game schedule.

As the squad went through practice sessions in September sunlight, it became apparent that Coach Huntsman would have an adequate first-string eleven but would be lacking in reserve strength.

On September 27, Defiance College from the Buckeye state came over to raise the curtain on the grid season. The Quakers turned in a creditable opening performance, topping the Defiance aggregation by a 13-0 margin. The Quakers' two counters came in the second quarter, one on a run by Rex Anderson and the





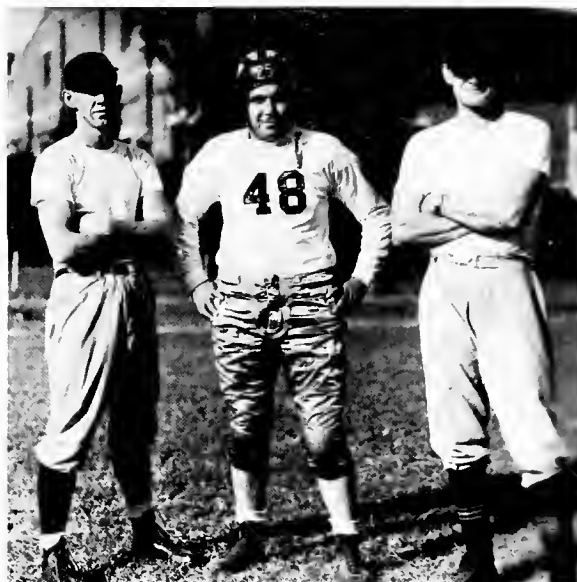
other when Neb DeHoney caught an end-zone pass. Runs by Anderson and Captain Garoffolo were outstanding in this encounter.

The next Saturday the Quakers journeyed to Franklin to meet the Franklin Grizzlies. The hosts won out 14-7 to give Earlham its first defeat of the season. Neither squad could get much spirit on the muddy field, but the Grizzlies hit pay-dirt on two occasions with long passes. Earlham evaded a shut-out when Denver Clouser caught Jack Wagner's long pass in the closing moments of the struggle.



Senior lettermen Garoffolo and Smith.

Ortwein, Garoffolo, Coach
Huntsman: the strategists.



Wabash's Little-Giants, our old rivals, came into town the next week-end for the annual battle. In this encounter we were downed 14-7 by the visitors. The Quakers battled the Wabashmen on better than even terms in the first half, scoring on Gene Ellington's run after Bill Gingery's intercepted pass. It was nip-and-tuck until extra weight and reserve strength of the Cavemen began to tell in the final quarter. The visitors scored twice, late in the game, to clinch the affair.

Next, the encounter with the Evansville Purple Aces on Reid Field. On the opening kickoff Rex Anderson took the ball and galloped the length of the field to give the Quakers an early advantage. This was too good to last, for the Purple





Aces got their smooth working backfield in gear in the third stanza and began to march. The visitors registered twice in the third quarter and in the final quarter to win 27-7.



The Quakers got back into the win column by defeating Rio Grande 18-0 in a ragged encounter on Reid Field. The visitors had been labeled the "Winless Winners", but the home boys had trouble downing them until the attack started rolling late in the game.



Homecoming! A day when old grads return to a campus golden with leaves to renew old memories and to sit in the Homecoming football crowd. A dreary day it was this year for the football fellows, the hockey gals, and Queen June and her court on the bleachers. The painted banners which marched before the eyes of the crowd and the paper maroon and white mops were shak-





en desperately in moments of excitement but mostly held limp in hand. However, "Mum" in button hole, most of us pulled a blanket closer for warmth and stuck out the afternoon to see undefeated Rose Tech meet Earlham and win 27-0.

As finale to the season, the Quakers travelled to meet the DePauw Gridders in their new stadium. The Tigers let fly numerous passes in the falling snow and turned loose a running attack from a "T" formation to win 32-0. The final game of Garoffolo, fullback, Phil Smith and Denver Clouser, linesmen, was over with the last whistle. Letters were awarded to Joe Garoffolo, Rex Anderson, Gene Ellington, Ellis Breitenback, Robert Haas, John Mills, Jack O'Maley, Joe Steck, Phil Smith, James Turner, and Harold Wright.



The squad.



The backfield: Garoffolo, Dehoney, Anderson, Ellington.



About the time of the half we would invariably become aware that the cross-country boys were pacing into the final laps. Around the track we watch them approach, clear the way, and stretch the tape to breast the diaphragm of the winner. Coach Dave Hawk had three veterans, Bill Rogers, Roy Hamilton, and Eddie Jordan along with newcomers Earl Smith and John Rogers) on his squad as the season opened. A winning combination of men it was. Led by Bill Rogers to an undefeated season, and the capture of the Little-State title at West



CROSS COUNTRY TEAM: Earl Smith, Bill Rogers, John Rogers, Roy Hamilton, Eddie Jordan (captain). Not pictured, Wayne Guernsey.





Lafayette, winning over Butler, DePauw, Indiana Central and Ball State! In the National meet at Lansing, Michigan, we made a creditable showing.

Prospects seemed fine for basketball when drills began at the end of the football season. Coach had Bob Rollf, Rex Anderson, Ned DeHoney, Gene Ellington, and John Mills, and the new material was promising.

The field house echoed with the thump of bouncing balls, the swish of nets, and the yells of the hardwood hopefuls. Weeks of preparation and then the opening encounter with the Engineers of Rose Tech.

A look at the season would lead one to believe that the 1941-1942 record of the Quaker netters was not of Indiana Conference caliber. The squad had good players for every position, good spirit, and fan support, but when the team hit the floor all was in reversion!

One proof of the ableness of the squad is the feat accomplished by Rex Anderson. He tallied 201 points during the playing season—set a new record by extending Coach Huntsman's previous mark of 196 points.

Captain Bob Rollf was called to the army in mid-season—a serious loss—and Ned DeHoney was put on the sick list after the Cedarville game which was one of the few Quaker victories.

The trip east "spot-lighted" the campaign with a win over Swarthmore. (They still talk about it in the East, and how they rang the victory bell back home!)



How well we remember—Bob Martin's expression when Huntsman announced the starting lineup, and he was in it: Gene Ellington squaring off with Odel of Taylor, we would have had to pick Gene up with a spoon if the fight hadn't been stopped; Doerner of Evansville evading Earlham defense; Phil Ortwein taking over at Morristown after organizing such a good intramural program; Buddy Patrick and his fancy Dans from the center of the floor; Breitenback missing his pivot shot consistently; Johnny Mills and his first and ten attitude; Bob Taylor who practiced every night and then found out he wasn't eligible; those



rip roaring preliminaries played by the freshmen and J. V.'s; the girls in Greensburg, Pennsylvania, who almost lured the team astray; the playing of student manager in the Indiana Conference, and lastly, Huntsman chewing gum as fast as the players ran.

The Navy V-7 leaves Earlham most of this year's team for the 1942-43 squad.

Swimming became a major sport this year for McCammon, Burlingame, Butler, White, Butterfield, Rhoads, and Wixom, under the coaching of Krum Jordan, athletic director of the Richmond Y.M.C.A. The Quaker water-dogs swam them-



selves into shape to meet DePauw and Ball State. Frank Burnet and Charles McCammon did most of the scoring, each taking first in their respective speciality. Burnet the 150 yard back splash; McCammon the 200 yard breast stroke . . . Return meets were cancelled because of a lack of interest and the withdrawal of Charles McCammon from school.





When the call came for track, slightly over a dozen Earlham men appeared on Reid Field as candidates for the spring sport—but the Quaker cause was not lost for among the candidates were stellar Rex Anderson—high jumper, hurdler and all around man; the Rogers brothers—distance runners extraordinary; Mark Kishego, Earl Smith, Ed Jordan—the middle distance runners; and also points-



gatherers as Bob Scott, Bob Allen, Jon Thornburg, Jim Butler, Bill Gingery, Earl Estes.

Other coaches might have been dismayed at the task of building a winning track team from a dozen men, but our mentor of the cinder paths proceeded to develop a squad of thinlies of which we are proud. Viewing their record of one loss and five wins, it might be said through a famous figure—"Never before have so many owed so much to so few."



The Maroon thinlies dropped their first concert, and Rose Poly left the field with a winning score of 69-62 after taking the relay. The outstanding event of the meet was the high jump in which three men cleared the bar at six feet.

Back on the winning side of the ledger, the thinlies nosed out Wabash to start their victory string. This was the only meet held on foreign grounds. The final score was 69-62.

Taylor was the next victim, falling by a score of $47\frac{1}{2}$ - $83\frac{1}{2}$. In this meet Bill Rogers came close to cracking the mile record with an outstanding performance. The Depauw thinlies were taken into camp by a 76-55. In this meet blond Bill Rogers lowered the school record in the half mile to 2:00.5. This triumph marked the first time the trackmen had downed both Wabash and DePauw in one season for a number of years.



Hanover's Hilltoppers were taken into camp 80½-50½ on the following Saturday. The Quaker's power in the track events more than matched the visitors' power in the field events.

In the last meet of the season, Wittenberg was downed 75½-55½. The defeat of the Ohioans marked the fifth straight win. Huntsman then began grooming his performers for the annual state meets.

Outstanding performers were Rex Anderson who averaged around twenty points per contest, and Bill Rogers, who was never defeated in the half mile or mile, and anchored the relay team to many a win.





STANDING: Lou Fein, Charles Wilson, Delbert Duckworth, Art Wagner, Jack O'Maley, Henry Lebovitz, Guy Jones, Marion Alexander, Bill Berry, John Mills, Ralph Dean, John Schmidt, Paul Beisner, Frank Weirich.
KNEELING: Neb Dehoney, Jim Turner, Bob O'Maley, Bob Martin, Ted Parker, Jesse Overman, Wilford Frazier, George Van Dyke.

The first indoor baseball practices brought out what looked to be an all-star squad—potential power reported in quantity. Out on the field the first games scheduled were played and lost with seeming little reason for the losses other than





that the team failed to click or lacked enthusiasm. Our better hitters were slow in warming up—and, coupled with mediocre pitching, even a slight disadvantage could not be overcome.

Pitching the winning game of the Quaker nine was Ralph Dean, Centerville freshman, who set his old schoolmates from Hanover College down 14-5. Jack O'Maley worked in the hill part time and turned in several good innings.

Guy Jones, after four years of varsity playing, was awarded the Senior player award. A faithful, consistent player, he was shifted from the mound to the outfield for the bulk of this year's games.

Under Phil Ortwein, assistant in the Physical Education Department the intramural program got off to a good start with Cross Country running taking the individual honors.

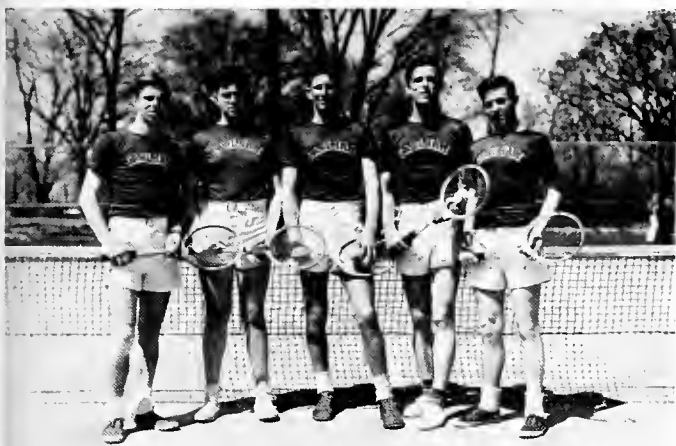
Colder weather approaching, six-man football teams were organized from the four intramural groups and named the Auks, Yuks, Taks, and Sigos. The Yuks proved to have the bulk of the best players and won most of their football games.

Moving into the fieldhouse for the basketball program, they had to fight to keep the Auks away from the team title. Spurring the non-varsity fellows was the feminine attention given them from the sidelines. Good crowds added new life and pep. Leading player in the winter division was Bob Smock.

Intramurals slip into softball with the approach of Spring, and interest in ten-

Parke and Hill demonstrate for the fencing class, which developed many enthusiasts this year.





Dudley Stinson, Harvey Buckman, Bill Butterfield, Ralph Richter, John Stout.

nis is high as the sun begins to warm the courts.

We entered tennis, this year, without a veteran and still emerged on the upper bracket of the Conference standings. Taylor fell to us and we played to a tie with Wabash.

Ralph Richter and Bill Butterfield shared number one man honors. Harvey Buckman, Dudley Stinson, John Stout, and reserves Fritz Wiegelmesser and Art Wagner carried the rest of the load.

Earlham's superior courts brought the 1942 State Tennis Meet to our campus again. Crowds gathered as the best college tennis stars won and lost and the tournament came into the finals. Winning in the first round were Stout, Buckman, and Stinson. Next year promises an experienced team!



WOMEN'S SPORTS: the Course of the Year



INSPIRED by competent coaches, enthusiastic interest in field hockey, wonderful weather, and the promise of a good varsity team, hockey got off to a successful season early in September. The freshmen class boasted new material—a few experienced players who had taken an active part in hockey competition in the East.

All classes (except the studious seniors) had full teams out to win and the class tournament was an exciting one—the juniors victorious. The seniors, in spite of their lack of players, came through the season (or should we say the whole year) with a fine spirit of play and sportsmanship which in itself was unbeatable.

The afternoon of the annual exhibition hockey game the “glad-to-be-back fans” and hockey enthusiasts gathered from far and near in spite of the rain to witness the battle of sticks with North Shore of Chicago. Commy’s girls did themselves proud. Stickwork, endurance,



Coach Comstock

good defense, skill and steadiness, and splendid teamwork characterized the game as one up to Earlham's reputed high standard.

Dottie Reeder, as W.A.A. Hockey Manager, worked with class captains Hoover, Kinkel, Kratz, and Kaighn boosting hockey with an enthusiasm sincere and fine. On Honorary Varsity this year were: Dorothea Reeder, Miriam Hoover, Ruth Kinkel, Elinor Pennell, Eleanor Evans, Sarah Hornbrook, Martha Merritt, Marian Bye, Anne Powell, Sarah Kratz, Dorothy Mills, and Margaret Blackburn.

STANDING: Powell, Kinkel, Evans, Mills, Reeder.
KNEELING: Kratz, Bye, Hornbrook, Blackburn.





Minus the women's gym and in spite of the fact that we had to dodge baseballs, pole-vaulters, hurdlers, dash men, and put up with hog shows and what not, Earlham women rallied and came through their basketball season with a splendid team,—talented enough to beat the University of Cincinnati in the Cincy Play Day last March. The undefeated juniors were again victorious and for the second time their set of numerals was burned into the basketball panel in the W.A.A. lodge. The sophomores gave their opponents a close battle typified by hard, quick passes, and uncanny shots from Mills, Powell, and Smitty. The seniors were justly proud in having a full team for every game—and the freshmen were not to be sneezed at, with Maris and Kaighn at their head. A little delayed, due to Manager Hoover's comprehensive, the basketball banquet finally arrived with class songs all to the tune of "Deep in the Heart of Texas" and quick speeches by class captains Briggs, Lukens, Mills, and Chapman.

And in the fieldhouse this year we held our volley ball tournament, managed by Ruth Binns. Who won?—that's right, you're right—the juniors did it again—plenty of material, plenty of practicing!

Right along with basketball and volley ball through the winter afternoons Earlham women played at swimming, badminton, ping pong and had a few hare and hound hikes to keep up their fight for future 'fysical fitness. Led by Marilyn Miller, W.A.A. swimming manager, our swimmers entered the National Intercollegiate Telegraphic Swimming Meet, placed Earlham, and made us proud. The geology

TOP: VOLLEYBALL—Hornbrook, Evans, Bogue, Merrill, Merritt, Pennell, Kratz, Blackburn.

CENTER: BASKETBALL—Bogue, Merrill, Pomeroy, Kratz, Higgs, Lukens, Pennell, Blackburn, Hornbrook, Evans.

BOTTOM: HOCKEY—Merrill, Merritt, Evans, Bogue, Hornbrook, Blackburn, Bye, Kratz, Lukens, Pennell.



bus rides to the “Y” pool every Tuesday afternoon, the passing of swimming tests, the wheeling and racing of sprinters in practice for class teams, artificial respirators!—the pool offers good fun all year round.

The juniors doomed the senior morale by destroying their proud, victorious record held for two years. The seniors’ last hope went up in the splash. Their pride was dampened—and had it not been for the cap and gown to restore our fair class ego, none of us might have won an “A” on posture day.

As Spring rolled around and the 1942 Sargasso went to press, spring sports were well under way and tournaments soon to start. The women’s phys. ed. department boasted the largest enrollment





in spring sports for many years. Tennis again ranked high in popularity and players were fortunate in having early weeks in April in which to swing the racquet and feel their form. The ladder tournament promised to be exciting. When the greens were mowed, bags of clubs and balls (precious this year) were dusted off and the dandelion sprinkled campus was soon dotted with golfers in colorful skirts. Archery on the new range south of the lodge drew shooters both in the autumn and in early spring.

Narrow white lines will soon mark the trim green fields and training for the track and field meet will begin. Baseball enthusiasts will be practicing daily. Chapman pitches the freshmen—batting them into shape for keep competition. Happy day when class is dismissed to attend a real Earlham game across the lot—Bud just as anxious to go as the rest of us.



Airy days to hike down Clear Creek “emancipating the American legs”—making up for the “bounce” that is to go with the last lost golf ball and deflated basketball . . . Riding we will go with the aid of Prof. Charles’ horses. Breakfast rides! And although the horses do have a way of eating a hole in the W.A.A. treasury, we’ll love them heartily, as we love all the vigor of sport.



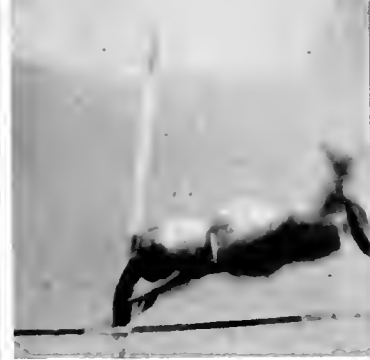
SPORTRAITS

Rex Anderson-- Fleet-footed, not only in track, but on the football field and on the basketball floor, Rex "Hunk" Lee Anderson is hailed by many as the greatest male athlete ever seen on the Earlham campus. Guards deplore their lack of height and limited number of hands as they try to stop his on-rushing tosses from all spots on the floor. During the 1941-1942 basketball season he broke the scoring record, accounting for 201 points. This mark bettered by six points the mark set by the present Coach, J. O. Huntsman. One of the first to join Earlham's navy V-7, Rex will be back with us next year. Who knows what records he will set then!

Bob Rollf-- An entirely different type of player, Bob has contributed greatly to the success of teams in his own unique way. Calm and unhurried, he was effective both on offense and on defense. He was a mainstay on the Quaker Nine for three years, being able to play any position on the field, and he would have been co-captain of the baseball team had the army permitted him to finish the school year. Given the Varsity Club award for being the most valuable senior player on the basketball team, Bob is excellent proof of the value of sports in the life of the college youth.

Marilyn Miller-- Recognized for her swimming by Earlham and by nearby cities and counties, Marilyn Miller paced the Maroon and White women to a high place in the National Intercollegiate Telegraphic Swimming Meet this year. Earlham finished third in the group of schools under one thousand enrollment and seventh in the total group. Marilyn, always the same, never ruffled or excited, has been one of the most valuable members in the Quaker swim. Good wishes and admiration go with her as she leaves to begin another type of life.

Bill Rogers-- Tall, blond, and a stickler for training rules, Bill is the new half-mile king at Earlham, having set a new mark this year, 2:00.5, for the distance. During the cross country season he finished first in all the scheduled meets and led the team to victory in state competition against schools much larger than Earlham. Bill, also an excellent student, finds time to devote to activities outside the classroom. He has another year to run for the Maroon and White and we look to him to set another record in track.



Joe Garoffolo-- "Jumpin' Joe" was one of these slow easy-going persons who could always seem to get just as much done as the person who hurried. For four years he played on the football team, and he received the coveted "E" blanket for the services he rendered during that period. He also played on the baseball and basketball teams, winning letters in both. Joe was the typical college athlete and will be hard to replace in the hearts of those who knew him. We are sure he is doing the same good work with Gene Tunney at the Navy Training Station.

Elinor Pennell-- Penny, a Westtown grad., spreads an Eastern glow about wherever she goes—leading the women riding enthusiasts in her official capacity as the riding manager of the W. A. A. She plans for the care of the horses and gives riding instructions to the girls. In addition to the stable activity, she was a member of the Women's hockey varsity, where, speeding toward her opponent, tackling and dodging, she was really "in there" leading her team. Not like other girls, she delights in doing things supposedly not meant for the weaker sex.

Eleanor Evans-- A member of the Women's Hockey varsity, Eleanor Evans was in the forward wall and instrumental in scoring Quaker tallies through the opposition's goalie. Extremely fast and aggressive, centering the ball with a long hard drive, "El" never quit play or gave up until the final whistle. Not content with just hockey, she is a good basketball player and takes an active part in the other activities of the women's athletic program.

Guy Jones-- Four years on the baseball team is the proud record of this Quaker hurler who moved up from the sand lots of Richmond to become a pitcher for the Earlham nine. Guy was captain during his senior year and received the player award given by the Varsity Club. An assistant in the department of Economics, he plans to do post grad. work in that field.

Lois Fuller-- Better known as "Pot," Lois is one of the best known and liked women on the campus. Assistant to Miss Weber in the Physical Education department, President of W.A.A., and an ardent sports enthusiast who loves the out-of-doors in true Scout fashion. She runs up points for the senior swimmers. Lois plans a leadership or teaching position in phys. ed.

Dottie Mills-- Versatile, speedy, playing a grand dependable part in any Earlham line-up, these class Dottie as one of the best "all-around" women athletes on the campus. You see her wherever women are engaged in some athletic contest. She was leading scorer in the basketball tournament, and is equally at home on the hockey field, tennis court, and baseball field. Dottie can be counted on to do good work and, sophomore that she is, she will be an indispensable member of Earlham's teams for two more years.

Eddie Jordan-- Eddie Jordan, as captain of the Cross Country team and main cog in the track activity of the Maroon and White, piloted the 1941 Cross Country squad to a very successful season. Both he and the squad completed the campaign with an enviable record. Steady and dependable, he runs with a stride beautiful to watch. One of the busy men on the campus, he has had posts on the campus newspaper and will direct the 1942 fall term for the Day Dodger association.

Dottie Reeder-- Dottie Reeder, serving three seasons on the hockey field with the Earlham varsity hockey team, contributed to a smooth running defense. We could always count on her to be right there, backing up her own left wing and tackling with a calm sureness. She was the hockey manager during her senior year. The team will feel a great loss in Dottie, not only from the standpoint of playing, but also because of her personal appeal. Dottie held a high office in almost any organization of which she happened to be a member—a born leader.

THE ATHLETIC ORGANIZATIONS

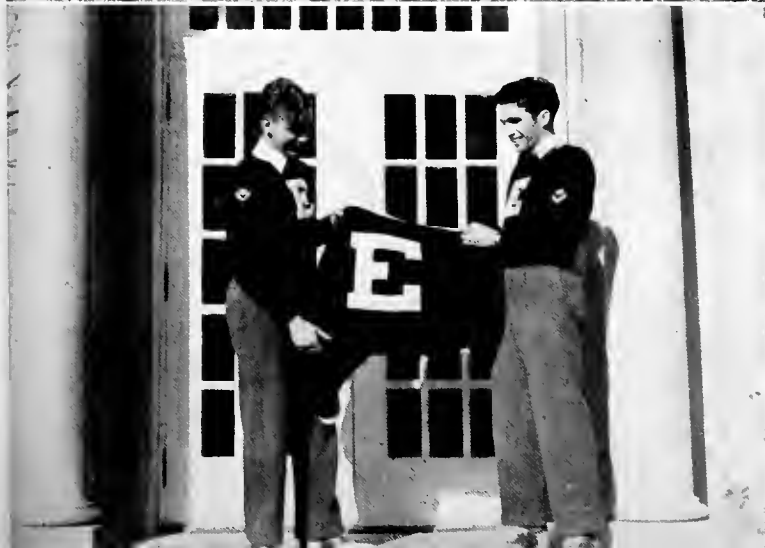


With trays of food, and nothing but business (?) on their minds, the fellows in their Maroon and White sweaters head for the East dining room for their regular bi-monthly meeting. The Varsity Club, an outstanding Earlham organization, is made up of those athletes who have won their letters in one or more intercollegiate sports. Initiation into the group is always amusing, and sometimes strenuous—the newest recruits climb trees and scan their line by flashlight, searching half the night for the coveted letter hidden somewhere on campus.



VARSDITY CLUB, STANDING: Breitenbach, Turner, Stout, McCoy, McCracken, Wilson, J. O'Maley, Ellington, Wright, Anderson, Dehoney, Mills, Steck.

KNEELING: J. Rogers, B. Rogers, Miars, E. Smith, G. Jones, Gordon, Weirich, Gingery, Jack Butler.





DOUBLE E, STANDING: Ellington, Anderson, Dehoney, Breitenbach.
SEATED: J. O'Maley, B. Rogers, J. Rogers, E. Smith, Mills.

Highlighting the season, of course, is the awarding of the "E" blankets to the outstanding Senior member of the football and the basketball teams. This year "Father Lard" Garaffolo, and Bobby Rollf, profited, respectively, and left our fair Campus to do their bit to physically educate Uncle Sam! The Varsity Club concession at football and basketball games, where spectators mingle, drowning their sorrows and their joys in cokes, is the means by which the club makes money to use for improvements in Earlham's athletic system. The Homecoming Banquet reunites former muscle men, who tear apart the afternoon's game and compare each play with "the one" they made way back—believe it or not. Earlham games, then and now, are good to remember.

Membership in the Double E Club is the ambition of any versatile athlete. A purely honorary organization for lettermen of two or more sports, the Double E meets with the Varsity Club and joins them in all their activities.



Play for fun . . . fun fun for fun's sake . . . class tournaments . . . sports banquets with songs, jokes, candles and all the trimmings . . . the thrilling Exhibition Hockey game (in spite of the sleet) . . . tea in the Lodge—a roaring fire . . . Dormitory Fund Frolic . . . war, and our campaign to keep fit . . . “Belinda Bulge” posters . . . Play Day at Cincy—victory in basketball . . . then in the spring: tournaments in golf, tennis, baseball, track and archery Juniors victorious in the swimming meet . . . Marilyn leading us to third place in the Central U. S. Telegraphic meet . . . a beautiful morning for May Day . . . a lovely Queen . . . and last of all—climaxing a very successful year—the W. A. A. banquet.

Carrying on healthful and recreational activities for the benefit of those on Earlham's campus is the yearly objective of the Women's Athletic Association in its many varied activities. Membership in-

TOP LEFT: W.A.A. BOARD, STANDING: White, Turner, Hornbrook. SEATED: M. Smith, L. Lindley, E. Evans, Weber, Hoover, R. Binns, Briggs, Fuller, Calvert, Reeder, Pennell, Kratz, Blackburn.
TOP RIGHT: EE CLUB, STANDING: Hoover, Fuller, M. Smith, R. Binns, Turner, Briggs, Merritt. SEATED: Reeder, Bye, Hornbrook, Evans, Pennell, Kratz, Blackburn.
BOTTOM LEFT: E CLUB, TOP ROW—Hornbrook, Evans, G. Binns, M. Smith, R. Binns, Merritt, Turner. SECOND ROW: Reeder, Fuller, Mills, Polk, Blackburn, Briggs. THIRD ROW: Hoover, Pennell, Bye, Kratz.
BOTTOM RIGHT: EC CLUB: Hoover, Pennell, Hornbrook, R. Binns, E. Evans, Kratz.



cludes all women students. The board meets the first Tuesday evening of every month to look into the future, and to plan each sport season long before it arrives. With its officers, the sports managers, Commy and Bud, the sport year is directed.

Although only one white flannel jacket with the E. C. monogram was seen on campus the major part of this year, several were awarded at the annual W. A. A. banquet held early in June, and were seen the last few weeks of school. The striking E. C. jacket is the highest award given by W. A. A. and is won only after four years of conscientious effort and participation on the part of the girl in four or more sports. She must be named on two honorary varsity teams and accumulate 3000 points. This year's membership in E. C. Club includes: Ruth Binns (who became a member as a Junior), Miriam Hoover, Eleanor Evans, Elinor Pennell, Sara Kratz, and Sarah Hornbrook. These E. C. girls represent wholesomeness, fine sportsmanship, and good health.

The E. C. Club presents the E. C. cup on which each year is engraved the name of the Senior girl who is chosen as the best all-around senior woman, the award being made on the basis of her scholastic rating, athletic ability, and campus activities. This Senior is chosen by the Junior members of the W. A. A. Board, meeting with the directors of Physical Education.

Awards at the annual banquet are made to those who have been active in various sports, have been interested in sports for sports' sake, and have met certain requirements. Any member of the W. A. A. may receive her class numerals (the first award) when she has earned 500 points. The second award—a large maroon and white letter—shows that one is a member of the "E Club." Requirements for this are 1000 points, playing on class teams, and active participation in three major sports. A limited number of girls are members of the Double E Club, for the winner of EE must have earned 2000 points in at least three sports, and must have been selected as a member of a major honorary varsity. The E with the bar is indicative of continued interest and active participation in a varsity of sports.

TABULATION

1941-42 FOOTBALL SUMMARY

Team	Opp.	E.C.
Defiance	0	18
Evansville	27	7
Franklin	12	7
Wabash	14	6
Rio Grande	0	18
Rose Tech	33	0
DePauw	32	0

1941-42 BASKETBALL SUMMARY

Team	Opp.	E.C.
Rose Tech	46	31
Ball State	42	40
Cedarville	42	66
Hanover	42	39
St. Joseph	51	38
Evansville	69	35
DePauw	44	30
Wilmington	38	47
Rider	39	33
Wabash	55	38
Taylor	38	34
Wabash	45	33
Franklin	41	28
DePauw	30	34
Rose Tech	57	43
Susquehanna	43	36
Swarthmore	47	49
Rider	59	52

BASKETBALL, INDIVIDUAL RECORD, 1941-42

Player	G	FG	FT	TP	PF
Anderson, R.	18	78	45	201	25
Patrick, B.	18	46	19	111	20
Ellington, G.	18	28	22	78	38
Wilson, C.	17	21	32	74	42
Martin, B.	15	28	8	64	32
Mills, J.	18	18	15	51	22
Breitenbach, E.	14	12	5	29	20
Dehoney, N.	3	13	3	29	2
Rollf, B.	8	9	3	21	10
Parker, T.	14	9	2	20	5
Wright, H.	5	5	2	12	1
Hensley, K.	2	2	0	4	0
Gordon, B.	3	2	0	4	1
Weirich, F.	5	1	1	3	2
Taylor, B.	2	1	1	3	1
Butler, J.	5	1	1	3	4
Overman, J.	4	1	0	2	1
Schwyhart, K.	3	0	1	1	1
Rodenberg, W.	2	0	0	0	0
Elliot, R.	1	0	0	0	0

1941-42 CROSS COUNTRY SUMMARY

Undefeated in six meets.

Won Little State Meet at Purdue.

Fourth in Big State

Participated in the National Meet at Michigan.

Oct. 4—Oberlin—wet grounds over E.C. course. Bill Rogers won in 24:27. E.C. took third, fourth and fifth places also.	24-32
Oct. 18—Manchester—over Manchester course. Bill Rogers won in 18:28	21-35
Oct. 11—Wabash—over Earlham course. Bill Rogers won in 25:36	19-36
Oct. 25—Ball State—over Earlham course. Bill Rogers won in 24:00; best time of season.	16-39
Nov. 1—DePauw—Greencastle course. Bill Rogers won in 19:13 over 3½ mile course.	17-38
Nov. 8—Little State Meet at Purdue	
Nov. 15—Indiana Central—Earlham course. Monteya (IC) won with Bill Rogers (EC) second	27-28

1941-42 BASEBALL SUMMARY

Team	Opp.	E.C.
Franklin	9	3
Miami	9	2
Ball State	7	3
DePauw	11	4
Taylor	19	8
St. Joseph	18	4
Hanover	5	14
Ball State	10	5
Butler	18	2
Indiana Central	9	5

1941-42 TRACK SEASON

Team	Opp.	E.C.
Rose Poly	68	63
Wabash	62	69
Taylor	47½	83½
DePauw	55	76
Hanover	50½	80½
Wittenberg	55½	75½
Little State—E.C.: 5th place, 10½ points		
Big State—E.C.: 3 points		

TRACK RECORDS

100 Yard Dash—Conrad, 9.8 seconds, 1910
 220 Yard Dash—Conrad, 21.4 seconds, 1910
 440 Yard Run—Brown, 50.4 seconds, 1913
 880 Yard Run—B. Rogers, 2 minutes, 00.5 seconds, 1942
 Mile Run—Jones, 4 minutes, 32.6 seconds, 1937
 2 Mile Run—Jones, 9 minutes, 43.4 seconds, 1938
 120 Yard High Hurdles—Ivey, 14.8 seconds, 1922
 220 Yard Low Hurdles—J. Parker, 25.1 seconds, 1926
 High Jump—Ivey, 6 feet, 1¼ inches, 1921
 Broad Jump—Conrad, 22 feet, 10 inches, 1910
 Pole Vault—Walker, 12 feet, 4 inches, 1939
 Discus Throw—Cope, 136 feet, 9 inches, 1934
 Shot Put—Johnson, 42 feet, 6 inches, 1920
 Javelin Throw—Balestrieri, 177 feet, 11 inches, 1938
 Mile Relay—Stanley, Barnhart, Brown, Conrad, 3 minutes, 25.4 seconds, 1910

EARLHAM COLLEGE BASEBALL 1942—COMPLETE RECORDS

BATTING AND FIELDING RECORDS

Player	G	I	AB	R	H	Avg.	PO	A	E	Avg.
Dehoney	7	30	12	3	5	.417	30	1	2	.938
J. O'Maley	10	89	39	10	14	.358	28	21	4	.925
Dean	8	29	12	2	4	.333	2	4	1	.857
Alexander	3	5	3	0	1	.333	0	2	0	1.000
Duckworth	10	89	40	10	13	.325	23	17	18	.690
Jones	9	59	24	2	7	.291	6	5	4	.734
Martin	10	89	38	8	11	.289	58	1	6	.908
Beisner	9	37	15	4	4	.267	23	4	2	.931
Frazier	5	11	8	0	2	.250	0	2	0	1.000
Berry	8	50	21	2	5	.238	22	9	3	.912
Mills	10	69	29	1	6	.207	5	0	2	.714
R. O'Maley	7	60	31	7	6	.196	9	21	11	.732
Parker	7	51	21	0	3	.143	15	0	2	.883
Weirich	9	56	23	4	4	.130	6	2	2	.800
Turner	9	64	27	4	3	.111	0	6	4	.778
Overman	5	23	11	2	1	.091	16	0	1	.941
Wagner	1	1	1	0	0	.000	0	0	0	.000
Wilson	2	3	0	0	0	.000	1	0	0	1.000
Team Totals			355	60	95	.267	258	95	62	.852

PITCHING RECORDS

Player	G	IP	H	SO	BB	W	L	E.R.A.
Frazier	1	3	1	3	4	0	0	0.00
J. O'Maley	2	14 2/3	20	10	9	0	2	5.49
Jones	4	25	38	10	7	0	3	7.56
Dean	8	26	36	11	8	1	2	7.92
Turner	1	4 1/3	7	0	3	0	0	8.28
Weirich	5	15	25	5	4	0	2	9.54
		90	127	39	35	1	9	7.40

AT SOME time in the final nights of rehearsal we discovered that the best place from which to watch *Hamlet* during the scenes we weren't on, was from the loft. We lay on our stomachs on the slatted floor, or leaned on the ropes, while June made her sweet-sad madness, and Rollf and Fowler slashed through the duel till the Queen died of poison, and the King was stabbed. Couple of stage hands there, relaxing after having pulled up the cemetery drop and draped the green curtains at the top of the steps. The balcony crew rested from swinging the light-streaming spots after the soliloquies. We could see Norbert's (sh!) (bald) head where he sat offstage, his script and his handkerchief well in hand. And through the dark space-wall of the proscenium, curtained, and bright-edged with the foots and borders, there was a sense of audience.

The stage was small and bright below us, and the scene moved across it like the pulse of summer—sweep of light and shadows—sudden tense dark—a voice that cried from softness to fury. And something gripped us with a sense of greatness. This gravedigger, this ghost, this old Polonius, they were ourselves, they were living in us. These great people of Shakespeare lent to us something of their greatness. We were ourselves caught in master drama—drama as we had never known it on our small crowded stage.



D R A M A T I C S





But when we came down and out into the audience, when the whole thing was over, we found that something had been done to Earham. There had been a feeling of it since *Our Town*. Not only for us in the loft. And now there were eager people who gathered props, searched for costumes, experimented with make-up—a crowd that ducked the pipes and hurried with business below the crowd that spread in the auditorium above. Earham had tasted a rare pleasure that left her hungry; with a hunger that crowded the days of this year with drama, and wouldn't be satisfied in a crowded year, or in a time at all.

And so this year we spent long hours in rehearsal with Prof. and with Norbert; we switched cys and overloaded the rheostats and built steps and hunted from here to Indianapolis for candelabra; we made wind and thunder and the voice of God; we lived in the heavy sweet perfume of grease paint and clogged the plumbing with mascara. Because in a few words spoken before pink-lobster wallpaper—a few hours of losing ourselves in time and character—we found more truth and beauty than in many textbooks and much dull knowledge.

We wanted to do great things this year, and small things greatly. Civic Theater's *Our Town* was an opportunity for some of us, and for





the rest of us it was something masterfully done that made us believe again in the possibility of greatness—here on our stage and peopled by ourselves. The first thing we tried was not great enough—we needed more faith in our ability. *Button, Button*, M & M's fall presentation, gave us much farce, much loudness, a touch of insanity, and acting that was as good as the parts would allow. We laughed a lot, but we were not satisfied.

You Can't Take it With You was a riot with DePinna de winnah by virtue of his premature fireworks. The townsfolk had most of the parts (this was the second Civic Theater production), but we did the young lovers and the xylophonist, or whatever he was at the moment. Still, it wasn't our work, and we couldn't let it go at that. We wanted no second-hand triumph. Camilla Hewson translated Sudermann's *Die Ferne Princessin* and made it into *The Princess and the Poet*. The speech department, Theater Apprec., the *Pride and Prejudice* backdrop, and a Silbiger touch made it into quite an acceptable chapel play. It was accepted—with the usual expressive whistles and penny-pitching—much to the disgust. But that was the last of that, because we discovered that there was too much being given us, too earnestly, for us to waste with a whistle.





Seniors' "Valiant"

Now in the meantime we had something up our sleeve that no one thought we were capable of. Except us. Our publicity fell flat, and so did the "diphtheria epidemic" that threatened to jettison the whole project. But it so happened that we were quite capable of *Hamlet*—capable of three performances that stirred us and set the whole school off on this high enthusiasm. When it was over and nothing left of it but the castle looming out from the back wall, we didn't want to give it up. We hoped we would suffer its greatness again. But Rollf went to the army, for one thing, and we couldn't feel right about it without him. And so instead we made other drama and comedy for our satisfaction.

Like the *Imaginary Invalid*. That one started with Burnet, Le Malade, snoring fitfully on a high bed in front of the Ford-Jenkins-Coe stylized Louis the something-th set-phantasy. It went on for three of Molière's amazingly funny acts, with D. Reeder's Toinettish antics, Béline Catron's honey-sweet shout-whining, the horribly incompetent doctors, Sweet Sue and Slim Jim escaping the shadow of the convent into the sunshine of love, Hale and Weyl and the others. And it ended with an ensemble by "Miss Mozart" (or Miss Gilbert and Sullivan) Sims. Entirely successfully. But we didn't finish with the

"Everyman" Finale





Invalid until, some weeks later, Kokomo had enjoyed it as much as we did.

Then the Speech Department had its ambitious fling. Prof. Morgan, whose mind seems to accumulate for him the most vast amounts of work ever displayed on the Earlham campus, chose five acts of five famous plays to make into an evening's entertainment for all. We had no doubt that *The Play was The Thing*. There was *Counsellor Stegall at Law* (Rice), *Marco Lebbos Millions* (O'Neill), Jenkins, Alexander, Barnum-Saroyan and brothers and sisters too numerous to record *Subway Circus*, *Abe Butter Lincoln in Illinois* with Betsy Pedersen (Sherwood), and Richards-Wagner in time of *Winterset* (Anderson). That was a great deal for an evening, and especially the last two were a great deal. A great deal of tenderness and rough warmth and lofty bitterness and strange beauty.

Everyman was most completely our own. They were our own ideas that we fought for against Norbert's fond dreams. That we built into a broad and changing stage, and clothed and draped and lighted. It was hard for Emmett to learn his lines, and Barbara couldn't crystallize her part. Artie got nose-putty in his eye-brows. Drace nearly split out at her Mammon torso on a particularly violent contortion. We

Mask of Death





Juniors' "Fatal Beauty"

couldn't get benches. We couldn't get tights. And the banquet scene couldn't be danced, sung, or acted at all until the last days. But in time there were the props gathered, the costumes finished, the make-up devised, lights mapped and guided and located, stage completed. We gathered in crews and committees, and a nucleus of actors, and went into the final production.

We saw rich Everyman's callousness, and his Mother's sad devotion. We saw his flaming paramour and his selfish friend. There was a scream of terror and Death appeared between the high draped curtains. The banquet was caught for a moment in stark half-light and then swept into darkness. We saw Everyman's friends and cousins and his money-god desert him. Then Good Deeds and Faith saved him from the Devil and went up with him into a clean white light. The blue platform shadowed against the sunlight sky.

After that we did *The Valiant*, *Her Fatal Beauty*, *Parting at Imsdorf*, and *The Happy Journey*, in a sort of non-decided competition between classes. *The Valiant* was done by '42, and the rest in order. These plays took the place of the old class chapels, and gave more and more of us a time and place on the stage.

Mask and Mantle had expanded in proportion to our enthusiasm. By the time of the spring play it was a choice group of Earlham's experienced and talented, but very busy, actors—a reservoir that profited from the overflow of our ambition. As far as any organization



The Boards Club



"Moor Born" rehearsal

kept through this dramatic year, Mask and Mantle kept, holding itself as an honor for skill and interest. There was the spring play to be done, as M and M's vehicle in creative representation—to be done with finish and earnestness. The play was Dan Totheroh's *Moor Born*. The actors were Barbara Bull, Ruthanna Borden, Elizabeth Moore, Bill Tillson, Bob McCoy, Marian Hadley, and John Rogers. The Boards Club set bare clerical ugliness with an overcast of nostalgic beauty, wind, and heather (California). The mood was unrelieved—Tillson drivelling a torn letter between his fingers—Bull sinking open-eyed to death. The impression was stark, but fervent—not pretty, but good.

Little Women, *Trial of Mary Dugan*, *Death Takes a Holiday*, *The Swan*, were more Civic Theater than Earlham, but into these we put some of our most ardent moments. In them we were seen and watched by a larger community than our own. We graduated already into a sphere that put us in touch with reality—that made us on a plane of performance, past mere preparation.

Faith in our ability was the fresh incomparable genius of Norbert Silbiger. Because we tried great things, and tried to give as much of ourselves as he did, we accomplished great things. This year is an age in drama for Earlham. We found it a highest experience. Whether it is an episode, or the beginning of an episode, remains to be realized.

"Moor Born" performance



NATIONAL COLLEGIATE PLAYERS:

Earlham Chapter:

June Griswold, president
Robert Rollf, vice-president

BOARDS CLUB

Royden Parke, president
Jack Butler, vice-president
Wayne Guernsey, treasurer



MASK AND MANTLE: Prof. Morgan, M. Hadley, Tillson, J. Rogers, Parke, Weyl, Alexander, Marstaller, Carr, Wagner, McCoy, Klute, Borden, Griswold, Reeder, Fowler.





MUSIC

THE day is alive with music from early morning until late at night in Carpenter Hall. Organ music pervades the classrooms— a musical background for recitations and lectures. In Goddard the do-re-mi's echo down from Prof. Cox's studio. Flute, violin, and the faint stir of piano notes mingle in the Goddard atmosphere. You may hear music coming from the Art Studio any hour of the day. While music apprec. class listens to Carnegie records, others wander in to while away an





hour, and Henry Ford turns out a profusion of colorful posters to the tempo of the *Scheherazade Suite*.

But music is not confined in Carpenter. It drifts out the windows and is hummed into the dormitory showers where it bursts forth again. Music is found in gatherings about the pianos—song or chopsticks, hymns or jazz—Earlham hall jitterbugs roll up the association room rugs in the evenings after dinner.

The music majors are a good natured lot. They have to be “Spotted” during freshman week, their talents are in demand thereafter. The Richmond community as well as the campus acclaim their utility and skill and ask for it so that the right “touch” may be added to the





program. Music for the plays, for vespers, pajama parties, chapels, recitals. Rusty's accordion beside the campfires, Johnny and her saxophone, Don Morris and his violin, Kratzie and her organ!

Wednesday evening after everyone attends cabinet meetings and social gatherings, Prof. Kisling gathers together a small group of twenty-five or thirty people and orchestra rehearsal begins. The hour and a half of practice is usually spent in playing suites and symphonic movements—a bright addition to music endeavor this year.

A much smaller group of only ten members meets on Tuesday and is formally known as String Ensemble. Gentle Mr. Hicks with his white hair, fondness for rondos and minuets, and his long baton which



Orchestra rehearsal



String trio: Morris, Byrd, and Graves.

always wants to flick the music stand, directs this talented group. They not only play for chapels at Earlham but for programs at other schools. They presented a South American program of tangos and lively Spanish music early this year in town.

Then there is that fine and music-making group of Earlham students, the Choir! The grotesque and exaggerated faces of Mr. Cox—such an important part of the singing—are missed by the chapel audience. During choir practice that gentleman demonstrates with temperament the posture one should assume in singing by sitting on the piano and letting his feet fall none too lightly on the keys. Is it any wonder the piano has to be tuned so often? He conjures up some

Carnegie donated books, records, and phonograph.





musical person with whom he has made appearances, and after some dissertation choir practice proceeds. The choir sang for Christmas Vespers and for Chapel.

Monday evening the newly formed Y. M. C. A. Boy's Glee Club rehearses, and incidently serenades the two or perhaps three play rehearsals in adjoining rooms. Chapel gave them an ovation.

The Trio—Sims, Calbert, and Wood—take the bright spot at dances, do do do, de-do, do-do! Original arrangements by Sims, solos by Calbert—pop-u-lar.

The efforts of the Band are seen to advantage at Earlham football, basketball, and other athletic events. All the football enthusiasts know

The Band





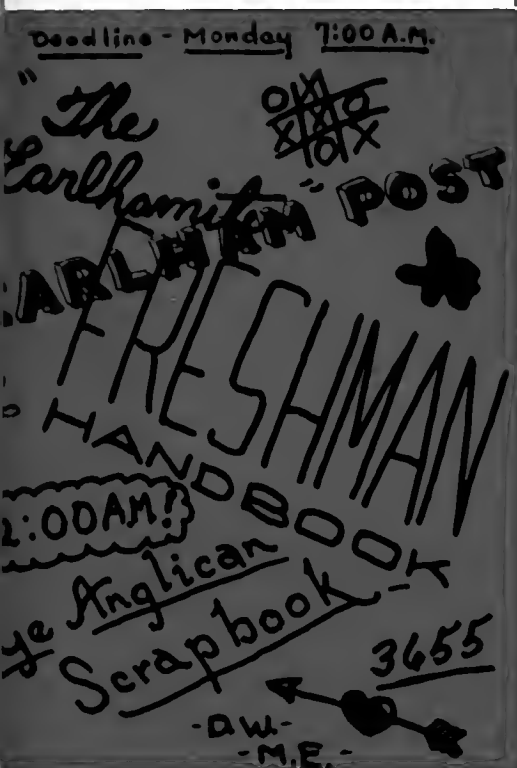
Wood, Sims, and Calbert blues in the night

that Vioni uses his unruly hair as a part of his band-leading technique. Frank, temperamental, he's an expert conductor and can swear in several different languages. Student directors take over the leadership often. And always at the game band members have refreshments, and drink one and all to the success of the team—or to the jolly good fellows of the Band.

Sing along and make music! It's part of Earlham life!



JOURNALISM and LITERATURE



THERE is no telling what will stir the pencil riding lackadastically on the ear of an Earlhamite of literary inclinations.—Those pines out the window, Prexy's latest statement, or the fleeting glimpse and sudden insight which provokes the "seen together this week are S. and M." From the lofty "Ago, before there was this roar and chaos" (created in a night of agony) to the notes scribbled on the back of envelopes from the Dean's



Journalism and Literature

office (or shouldn't we credit a billet-doux as literary endeavor?)—so Earhamites struggle for self expression. Men of the feather flock together to meet their deadlines, make their A's and to find another great fellow whose mind runs in the same channel.

In the five spacious, quiet, orderly rooms under the library are located what the Post Staff humbly call their offices, where on just any Sunday, that day of peace and rest and reading funny papers in pajamas, we find the fourth estaters (otherwise known as the staff of the Earham Post) burning the midnight oil.

Out of the rough disorder of a flood of news stories, interviews, chapel reviews, club meetings, and news of other such events, the editorial staff—composed of Burnet, Schmidt, Guernsey, and Rourke—bring the refined order, such as greets the eye of John Q. Student on Tuesday afternoons, when the Post hits the Campus. The reporters' stories go through the editorial mill, and come out ready to run with headline, deck, and sub-heads in beautiful Post style—according to the rules laid down in the Post style book, the "bible" for all Post reporters.

When this work is completed—often early Monday morning—the green shaded lamps go out in the basement of the Libe, and the major part of the work is over. Then, on Monday night the galleys come back from the printer, and the staff again convenes to read the proof. The corrected galley goes back to the printer's on Tuesday morning; the paper is set up and run off early Tuesday afternoon. And finally, Richter, in charge of campus deliveries, and Marty Merritt, pick up the thousand odd copies and distribute them in the men's dorm, D. D. D., Earham Hall, and to all the subscribers.

Thus Earham is "Posted" each week.

The Post Advisory Board has a general advisory power determining the policy of the Post. The Board



POST EDITORIAL STAFF:

Editor-in-chief—Frank Burnet
Managing Editor—John Hawks Schmidt
News Editor—Wayne Guernsey
Feature Editor—James Rourke
Sports Editor—Frank Weirich
Assistant Sports Editor—William Gingery
Exchange Editor—Margaret Bowman

BUSINESS STAFF:

Business Manager—John Stout
General Circulation Manager—Martha Merritt
Campus Circulation Manager—Ralph Richter
Typist—Jean Peene

POST ADVISORY BOARD:

Faculty Representative—Miss Davis
Secretary—Earl Fowler
Post Representatives—Frank Burnet, John Stout

Literature and Journalism

executed its power to appoint editors this year when Uncle Sam decided he needed Jim Goar more than our Campus. His vacancy was ably filled by Frank Burnet.

An honorary journalistic society founded in 1933—E.A.P. has as its purpose to initiate, foster, and encourage higher standards of journalistic endeavor on Earlham campus. Membership in this most worthy society requires three semesters' work on the Earlham Post, chairmanship of the Freshman Handbook, or membership on the Sargasso Staff.

Highlighting the year was the annual Post—E.A.P. dinner. Luther M. Feeger of the Richmond Palladium spoke of the newspaper in wartime.

Gathered for the evening at some faculty home near campus, or around a warm fire in the Lodge, and chatting comfortably and informally with others also interested in literature and journalism, Ye Anglican has the characteristic of being something entirely aside from the rest of the college world. There is no particular parliamentary procedure—but Dottie Reeder's pleasant presiding and John Schmidt's humorous minutes make it even more enjoyable.

Last fall, new members proved their worth by presenting a program of animal poetry with a display col-



E.A.P. OFFICERS:
Ralph McCracken—President
Lois Fuller—Vice-President
Susan Carr—Secretary-Treasurer

POST REPORTERS:
Mary Mesner, Robert Painter, Camilla Hewson, Peg Pomeroy, Bill Gingery, Leonard Weyl, Bill Rogers, Gerry Golden, Ruth Farrow, Dick Cummins, Pat Randall, Fritz Wiegelmesser, Sara Kratz, Connie Fosler, Bill Guernsey, Art Wagner.



YE ANGLICAN:
Dorothea Reeder, president, Eleanor Lyans, Suzanne Wallace, Earl Fowler, Heidi Heubner, Wayne Guernsey, Mary Louise Study, Camilla Hewson, Franz Rohr, John Schmidt, secretary-treasurer, Martha Calvert, Patricia Bond. Not pictured: Marv Mesner, vice-president, Bill Hale, James Bond, Frank Burnet.

lected from Earlham Hall residents. Program meetings of original work throughout the year lent interest.

The most interesting contribution of the organization is the annual summation and publication of a "Scrapbook" of the best creative writing done by the student body during the year. The "Scrapbook" is the practical application of a desire to provide an outlet for literary expression. With it the society succeeds in being a broadening and uplifting influence to all who are interested in literature.

North, South, East, or West and all points in between, including our own campus, the *Earlhamite* provides to students of yesterday and today interesting and up-to-date information concerning Alumni Clubs, changes of address or position, news of Earlhamites, marriages, engagements, births and deaths, along with accounts of events on the Campus. Published quarterly, the *Earlhamite*, older by ten years than any other alumni magazine in the United States, is awaited anxiously even by present students. The editor, Miss Opal Thornburg, is held in high esteem by both alumni and present students.

Ah yes, how good it is to see some things in black and white!



ELOQUENCE! Wordy people and windy chapels! Soap box orators! Far flung trips to state contests. Students in the speech department make their presence felt and demand the public eye. Tipping his chair in the back row, and roaring laughter, Orville enjoys his classes. The variety of subject matter should save any speech professor from reading the *Reader's Digest*. Prof. takes the back of the room, with his box of cards, while freshman after freshman and a few lone sophomores, who conscientiously want to be made over, retreat be-

SPEECH!

SPEECH!



hind the rostrum and speak for minutes.

It seems to be traditional that people make speeches at Earlham. Few people graduate without having made a speech of some nature or another. A bonfire and they cry, "speech! speech!" a banquet and captains and toastmasters and presidents rise to make becoming remarks, or the E blanket award is acknowledged.

Oratory, Debates, etc.



EXTEMP. CONTESTANTS: Steinberger, Robinson, E. Jones, Marstaller, Hall.

For some, however, there are points to be won, a major to be achieved. Speech, oratory, and debates challenge and fire these people to participation. (If not, Orville fires them!)

In debates the resolution read, "Resolved that all labor unions in the U. S. should be regulated by law." At home and abroad our teams debated. The men's affirmative team captured the Ohio State Debate Tournament, an honor for the year. Joe Payne and Wayne Guernsey debated the affirmative and Fred Hall and Ed Robinson teamed on the negative.

Women's debates suffered from the unavoidable interchange of debaters. Clarabel Hadley, Marion Hadley, Wilhelmina Eckey, Jean Ann Hamm, Alice Rank, Helen Dood, Ellen Drace, and Eloise Nifer were all members of the teams at one time during the season; and despite all, they won the majority of their debates.

The Women's Old Line Oratorical Contest held in December was won by June Griswold with her oration, "Balancing Worlds." In February the state contest was held, this year at Earlham, and here June brought Earlham recognition as winner of the silver medal in a stimulating contest of meritorious speeches.

Tom Dudgeon, Charles McCammon, and Elbert Jones took first, second, and third places in the men's Old Line Contest, and due to Tom's enlistment and McCammon's transfer to Illinois, "Said" Jones became our orator for the day in the state contest. His sincere oration was "A Third Alternative in the Present Crisis."

A winter and a spring chapel are always set aside for the Extempore Contest when windy students vie for recognition as quick organizers and convincing speakers on subjects ranging from the immaterial to the currently provocative. Prof. Johnson gives out the topics to inquisitive callers at 6:30 in the morning, and the time from then until chapel is spent in various ways—all for the sake of a name engraved on a cup; a new cup this year.

Clarabel Hadley went quietly to Manchester with her oration for peace, "At the Crossroads," one Friday night, and returned to wake the school with the news that she had won.

DEBATERS: Robinson, Hall, Payne, Guernsey.



Oratory, Debates, etc.



Our speakers and expostulators of renown are initiated into exclusive Tau Kappa Alpha by the familiar and well worn procedure of soap-box orations when initiates must orate vociferously on any subject put to them by the crowd. The fraternity is honorary, members being admitted only after they have represented Earlham in numerous debates and speech contests. Wayne Guernsey and Joe Payne are the only members at present. Others eligible have not paid the initiation fee, it is rumored.

Earlham has made its place in speech this year. Winner of the affirmative in the Ohio State Debate Tournament; winner of the silver medal for Women's Oratory; the winner of the peace oratorical contest; honors have come our way. The speech department undertakes a great deal for its size. From year to year the traditional contests are carried on by a relatively small number of students. We admire those students who have the nerve and the ability to think on their feet.—Those who can rise to the occasion and express their concern, persuade, and demonstrate the best in public speaking.—Those who can lead a round table at Institute. The speech students inevitably lead debate in "family" chapel when questions are thrown open to the floor.—An argumentative, demanding group, ever ready with an opinion. They speak, we listen.

Women orators: June; and the debaters: Clarabel Hadley, Marian Hadley, and Billy Eckey



SOME SPECIAL INTEREST ACTIVITIES

OF SPECIAL interest are what we call the Special Interest Clubs, which carry classroom learning out into noontime or week-end appreciation. Both the language clubs, Gesangverein and El Club Espagnol, give us a chance to practice the fine art of conversation in another tongue—with the added enticement of “informality, food, jokes, and programs,” to quote Miss Pick, who presides at the French table.

GESANGVEREIN, under the student leadership of Rosemary Morrow and John Schmidt, has met twice a month for a general good time talking and singing in German. Christmas was made more merry by their caroling and the heavy wreath which swung on Earlham Hall door.



Gesangverein

El Club Espagnol



The weekly tray-luncheon meeting of El Club Espagnol are Spanish in atmosphere. Conversation covers the general range of college interests and dips into Spanish customs and Spanish history. Spanish picnics are always in order, although the food furnished doesn't always have that Spanish tang. The college audience looks forward each year to the Pan American Chapel.

Dr. Charles, Miss Pick, Miss Thomas, and Mrs. Mosier keep the conversation going in these clubs!

FOR those whose special interest is artistic expression—whose hands move more quickly than the tongue—there is the Art Club. The Art Club was reorganized this year, through the enthusiasm of Helen Overton, Rosemary Jenkins, and others, and an ambitious pro-



The art club and art in general

Marie looks at art



gram of sketching parties and trips to local art galleries was planned for the Spring. But the art activity in Earlham is too enthusiastic and too various to be confined in an organization. The Faculty Parlor exhibitions, the interestingly cluttered studio, the scene and poster makers, spread their art from basement to attic in most of the college buildings.

WELL-KNOWN camera fans Lebovitz, Rayport, Hadley, and Borden run the Camera club wherein all things, people, events, and happenings can prove interesting if seen with imagination. Programs are varied and regular Monday night appointments. Climaxing the year's squints and snaps and studies is the Spring exhibit and the awarding of the Myrick Medal. Pictures speak for the SARGASSO.

The Camera Club—"This is the lens . . ."





The Science Club

MAN'S desire for scientific knowledge is never satisfied. Science Club fans import speakers of more or less scientific renown and set aside Monday evenings to gather and listen. Or cook up a program of scientific (?) magic to amaze one another. The club has a staunch following.

THESE FOOLISH THINGS

are what we will remember of 1941-42:

The Commons

The Dorm Drive

All-College Plays—Dramatics in general

Diamonds

Letters from the draft board

The mountain of coal out by the engine house

Displays and flowers in the library

A new tree in the triangle

Vespers

The new study room in E. H.

A long distance telephone in E. H.

Two lunch lines

A new track record for the half mile

Huntsman's basketball point record broken by Anderson

Swarthmore beaten in basketball

No women's gym

The Senior Picnic minus a chase

A new and modern night watchman on wheels

Miss Griffin engaged

A hog auction in the field house

And lastly, graduation of the class of '42

AT a small democratic college like Earlham we become aware of the concerns of our fellow students. Any organized expression which ripens and grows out of the concerns which others hold can scarcely escape our attention.

We know well a far greater number of students than we would in a large university. We know the ideals, interests, and pattern of life of each other. We know that beneath the gaiety there is often a depth which allies itself to a concern.

The Quakers a century ago had a concern when they met to consider the founding of a Friends' School in

CONCERNS

Y M Cabinet



Y M-Y W Vespers



Indiana. It is only natural that there are students at Earlham each year with a similar wish to grow in "sweetness and light" so that they may be better able to live the Quaker concern. So we find a large number of students active in the Friends' Churches or attending the little silent meeting for worship in Carpenter Hall. We find a body of students tightly bound in fellowship by their conviction that peace, and not force, will win a better world. Each year there arise student groups among us to sponsor the cries of the outside world: see the plight of Chinese students as they carry on their study without the sheltering walls of a university—see the need for missions abroad, the need for educated men—heed this call from the American Friends Service Committee for students to spend the summer in Mexico working and experiencing a fellowship with our border neighbor—the call of the state for men to enlist—Johnnie's call for blood donors—Sally Geist's call for books.

Sensitive students have responded to the calls of the world outside. Boys have felt it their concern to en-



Planning a frugal meal

list. Knitting in hand, the girls go to classes. A frugal meal, and contributions of money totaled \$40.81, which was sent to the World Student Service Fund.

College is an opportunity. No other place is better suited to the molding of ideas and beliefs. Here we are free to think as we will. Here our plastic young minds are startled to deeper growth. We find concerns disrupting the calm routine of classes—classes forsaken and forgotten for the moment. Or we find a few students to whom the whole educative process means the advancement and furthering of a concern more broad in its outlook, firmly rooted in thought and belief.

Adventurous it is to find a fellow with ideals like your own! Together there is strength and fellowship and purpose. And so the slim thread of a concern draws into its circle students of similar outlook—the Y. M. C. A., Y. W. C. A., Peace Fellowship, Political Clubs, and the International Relations Forum and Institute.

With each month bringing new ideas (or old activity done in a new way) the “Y’s” this year have sprung



Y W Cabinet



awake to meet campus needs with new enthusiasm. "Get into the running! Join up—belong! We need talent, leadership, and pep!" Variety is on the program this year. Big Brothers and big sisters, freshman handbook and women's precedent committee to make the freshmen welcome. Sunday afternoon vespers—the brightly colored Noel tree (with the neon blink) and lovely Christmas vespers in candlelit Goddard.—May Day breakfast on the rain sprinkled Heart, mad Hallowe'en and swimming parties—the drive for the World Student Service Fund—Let's go! Say, this joint Y. M.-Y. W. enterprise works swell. How about a Y. M.-Y. W. retreat?—Wehi, May 24, in the college truck!

Way last Spring and this Fall the Y. W. and Y. M. Cabinets (respectively) made merry, met about campfires and discussed plans. In addition to co-operative action, each "Y" carried out an ambitious program of its own. Goals in view, they came through the year drawing a large group of students into active participation. Leadership we didn't recognize before—now experi-

The Classical Club



The Philosophy Forum





The International Relations
Forum

ences—working with people! There are values in activity which gives us these.

The every-other-week vespers — remember Al Brumbaugh's snowbird hikes in the melted snow—Bob Painter leading folk dancers—the book nook in Earham Hall. New ideas materialized this year!

The freshman "Y's"—organization of freshman energy—that nice caroling late at night and early, very early in the morning (when voices are not always at their best). Doughnuts at Little Y tea-room—two for a nickle—male labor on the morning of May Day breakfast.

Push, purpose, and personality have given to the "Y" concern a vigor which we hope will continue.

The Peace Fellowship was a crusade which began our freshman year. Bill Hale and Earl and Lowell with Bob Wissler, Mary Ellen Woodward, and Esther Winder began the Thursday noon meetings, and through the four years the Freshmen who grew into Seniors, Bill, Earl, and Lowell, have watched its growth, molded its



School of the Prophets



thought and organization. This year beyond all others the incentive has been real for us to clarify our thoughts on war and peace.

In the east dining room over lunch trays, and at other times upon occasion, students meet to discuss the Civilian Public Service program, the C. O., and the religious basis of pacifism. C. Hadley, E. Stanley, E. Jones, J. Bond, and E. Fowler can constitute a panel discussion for anyone interested. The Friends Meeting in Muncie was appreciative of their leadership.

The concern of the Peace Fellowship reaches beyond the boundaries of the campus. At Quaker Hill they have dug, hoed and planted on Saturday mornings a C. P. S. garden. Vegetables for the C. P. S. camps!—Also cookies made at Ruthanna's house. Mark Rayport has kept his Townsend Center leadership group going through high and low tides of enthusiasm. Purely recreational, square dancing got a start at Quaker Hill and soon various groups of personalities were taking the seven o'clock bus to swing, turn, and weave all evening

"Snow White" and the Quaker Hill rough riders





South half of a Peace Fellowship meeting

to the tune of records and Lowell's calling (when he remembered—otherwise they kept swinging). Marge Wolf, Earl and Jim, and Lowell spent their summer in work in Ohio, Iowa, and Mexico where they attempted to live their concern. Others look forward to similar service work this summer.

Political clubs miss the frenzy of a campaign year. We are Republicans and Democrats, but this year we hardly know each other apart. We do remember, however, that Joe Payne is a Republican and Bill Wolf a Democrat with concerns that smoulder.

Those allied with the International Relations Forum are concerned that our outlook while in college be not constrained to an environment of buildings and boundaries, frontiers and oceans, but that it reach beyond and seek to include an *international* understanding and a concept of international peace. Heidi and Fritz gave a program talk before the forum at one, and Mr. Funston reviewed *Mission to Moscow* by Davies at another of the program meetings this year. A group of students at-



tended the International Relations Forum at Muncie. And our own Institute is a concern of Prexy's that is adopted by the whole school for at least four sessions.

The old Quaker word "concern" seems well to express these causes and ambitions that move among us and make us greater than ourselves.

Where the problems of the world are settled



THE CAMPAIGN - AN ALL - COLLEGE CONCERN

THAT a new residence hall for Earlham women students will be an assured fact before the opening of the fall quarter is confidently expected by President Dennis and the trustees. As the Sargasso goes to press, over two-thirds of the necessary \$225,000 has been paid or pledged.

The campaign for the new dorm received its original impetus from the Richmond Earlham Auxiliary women many months ago. The trustees took up the challenge last September and set the machinery in motion. Former President Herbert Clark Hoover, holder of an honorary Earlham degree, accepted the titular leadership in the capacity of chairman of the honorary sponsoring committee.

Since then over 600 alumni and former students have been active in raising the funds in many states from Boston to Los Angeles and from Washington, D. C. to Seattle. Over 1,500 gifts and pledges have come in already. President Dennis personally has raised about half of the total to date, and has worked indefatigably from coast to coast, making inspiring addresses and securing outstanding alumni leadership.

So far, a least 90% of the funds has come from Earlhamites. One of the high lights has been the inspired

and brilliant work of the present students in organizing a campus campaign which has yielded over \$6,000 in student pledges alone. The lion's share of the credit goes to general chairman Eddie Jordan, '43, co-chairman Winifred Harris, '43, senior chairmen Bob McCoy and Elizabeth Gorman, junior chairmen Harry Miars and Martha Merritt, sophomore chairmen Bernie Coe and Charlotte Hueber, and freshman chairmen Bob Allen and Helen Dodd. These chairmen were ably assisted by class committees totaling seventy members, all of whom deserve real credit.

Many human-interest incidents have illuminated the cross-country campaign. There are two small New England future Earlhamites who are saving part of their allowances to insure themselves a comfortable and beautiful home for four somewhat distant years. Other Earlham devotees have given up items ranging from cigarettes to telephones, and including gasoline, tires and time in order to continue the pace set by the Indianapolis district on oversubscriptions. Most certainly past, present, and future students will be able to count this addition to the college as its own, brick by brick.

GOVERNMENT AND PRECEDENT at EARLHAM



Interesting People of Government

LOCOMOTOR—President William C. Dennis, our usually hurried, somewhat flustered fountain-head of final appeal; beloved for his typically professional peculiarities and original method of pedestrian locomotion.



BOARD OF TRUSTEES, STANDING: Edward D. Evans, Homer L. Morris, Rufus M. Allen, Charles M. Woodman, Chester L. Reagan, Laurence Hadley, Atwood L. Jenkins, Murray S. Barker, Charles L. Stubbs, Charles A. Reeve. SEATED: Albert L. Copeland, Walter C. Woodward, Pauline Saint McQuinn, William Cullen Dennis.

LAST SAYERS—Trustees. August, they hold Earlham's fate in capable and kindly hands. Their Earlham and our Earlham, so alike yet so very different. Two generations successfully meshed into a governing body of last-sayers.

CONTROL VALUE—Earlham girls' ever-present help in times of fun or trouble is Clara Comstock. Equipped with the traditional clear eye and steady hand, and that long distance view of all problems that makes their solution so much easier, she interprets Earlham, acts as control valve of The Earlham Seminary.



Roll taker Van Dyke



Control value Comstock

Government

ROLL TAKER—George Van Dyke. Definitely agreed, a very good egg who rises to occasions in spite of dampened spirits, possesses a bleacher vocabulary surpassed by none. Physicist Dean, governor of the chapel roll books, he knows the names of about three girls (although he's getting better).

BENEFACTORS—Earlham and Earlhamites believe in student government. Many have the opportunity before leaving Earlham of membership on one of the councils—noisy, debating, provocative councils that most of us meet intimately in one way or another.

Student Senate lifts its head and holds its important place on the campus. This year it has sprung awake to larger undertakings. The Commons became a reality as the result of energizing action among (and upon) the students and trustees. Now the walls of the women's gym feel the reverberations of music and dancing feet instead of the bouncing basketball. Student Senate swings and skates and the long



STUDENT SENATE: Bill Heywood, Joe Payne, Bob Brower, Ernest Tracy, Wayne Smelser, Laura Lindley, Susan Carr, Lois Fuller, Barbara Bogue, Jane Turner, Dorothy Mills, Jack Hart, Peg Pomeroy, Bill Layden, June Griswold, Mildred Test.



COMMONS COMMITTEE, STANDING: Ernest Tracy (chairman), Bill Layden, Bill Heywood. SEATED: Mr. Binford, Monna Jean Rollf, Mr. Van Dyke, Miss Comstock, Laura Lindley (secretary). Not pictured: Joe Payne, Bill Wolf, James Goar, Jean Ann Hamm, June Griswold, Miss Marshall, Mr. Stinneford, Mr. Funston.

blown Senate meetings at four in the afternoon are indicative of the energy of this body of campus leaders.

The Senate represents all groups on campus and serves as the means of voicing student opinion. Friday chapels are sponsored, the student activities fund is apportioned, and this year, the voice of the students carried to the ears of the trustees as they accepted invitations to meet student representatives at the banquet table. In spite of a persistent loss in membership, the Senate has seen its term through.

The Commons Committee was formed this year. A committee composed of faculty and student representatives, it is responsible for making and enforcing rules for the Commons.

MAINTAINERS—The dorms are the sanctuary of Earlham and Bundy Hall Councils—councils which greet us upon arrival in September with a royal welcome and a book of rules. Confusing at first, most of us manage to work college regulations into our schedules sooner or later and the process of living together moves from day to day with less-eventful-than-might-be ease. The purpose of the councils—“to promote and maintain the highest standards of college life in matters pertaining to student life and conduct”—has been honestly worked upon this year by presidents June Griswold, Bill Wolf, and Bill Layden.

INITIATORS—Smelser and the strong boys kept the freshmen fellows stepping in tune with Earlham tradition, and the Turner-Hoover combination turned out a spritely group of lassies bedecked and besmirched, but proud! And agitation spent itself in the tall stories and vivid descriptions sent home. Earlham wouldn't be quite the same without precedents. College life calls for the buffoonery and the lampshades and the pants worn inside out. All add to the zip of fall days. Backed by student opinion, which holds to the traditional picture of what freshman activity must be like, and led by goals of high Earlham citizenship, the precedents come, flourished, and are spent each year.

A slender thread runs through our government at Earlham—a thread which began in 1859 with the founding of Earlham as a college. It is a time-honored thread. May Day, Homecoming, the Senior Picnic, the victory bell are all woven into it. The tradition which

TOP, B. H. COUNCIL: Marlin Cameron, Earle Estes, Charles Wilson, Louis Marstaller, Dick Tracy, Rex Anderson, Neb Dehoney, Bill Layden, Wayne Smelser, Earl Smith, John Mills.
BOTTOM, A. W. S. BOARD: Gene Smith, Marian Hadley, Elizabeth Gorman, Josephine Olmstead, Eleanor Evans, Sarah Hornbrook, June Griswold, Mildred Test, Carolyn Maddox, Margaret Haworth.

OFFICERS:
Bill Layden, president
John Mills, vice-president



OFFICERS:
June Griswold, president
Wilhelmina Eckey, vice-president
Gene Smith, secretary
Josephine Olmstead, treasurer



Government



passes from senior generation to freshman governs us honorably and ties youth after youth into a long line of Earlhamites.



OFFICERS:
Wayne Smelser, chairman



OFFICERS:
Jane Turner, Miriam Hoover, co-chairmen

THE SOCIAL WHIRL

LIKE Red Skelton we wail,—“*Now they tell us!*” For four years we’ve had those sickening spells of vertigo—blind staggers if you will be plebian; all right, common. Then suddenly we discover at Earham a social whirl my my and well well! They’s several sorts ‘n kinds of these here whirls ‘n sech, seems as tho’. Brother you ain’t kiddin’. Yes it seems as tho there’s



three or four big ones (like those striped bass you almost caught last summer). Then there's any number of insignificant ones, the significance dependin' on the people involved, imbroiled, tied in, et al. So, since the Bible promises the least shall be the first someday—that isn't exactly accurate, but anyhow—we'll start with, mmmmm—the big ones. (Pig!) Of course even to hanging out on the Heart for Fresh- for instance Freshman week, when the main idea is to straighten out the dizzy Frosh by counter motion. It lasts a week and sometimes longer; and chronologically we really ought to mention the whirls those upper-class "College-men" will per-

Homecoming crowning



Homecoming atmosphere

June as our august November queen



sist in giving the new blonds on campus even to hanging out on the Heart for Freshman Week service. They're small affairs in most cases only referred to here because their collective action seems to be circular, or circulating. By the time the pretty fall leaves are twirling down (hmm, poetic no less) the round (more or less merry and sometimes go—) of classes has turned routine and we absorb a couple of more circles like class hayrides, mixers, Big-Little Sister or Big Brother parties or brawls as the case may be. These have their dizzy beginnings when the food collects from the front kitchen, back bitchen, bull pen, and pantry—and cars and pas-

Whirl on horseback





Whirl by night

sengers—and sometimes the food—gets there—mostly! Yes! Before the leaves have time to settle comfortably they are sent skipping all over again in the rain under umbrellas with somewhat misdirected but very energetic rakes in preparation for Homecoming—another large hunk of whirl. Soon the campus swarms with people, flags, posters, banners, chilly breezes, blankets, food, and crepe paper whirling in concentric circles around the queen and her court. It would seem that after this severe attack of week-end we could gratefully start a new paragraph.

So then we spun off on the outing to Spring Mill Park—the whole college off

Bridge to the wilderness



on a whirl, and we saw caves by lantern light and bats and blind fish—not really blind but just no eyes because of being in the dark and not needing to see so they dropped their eyes—And it was fun and snowy and back we came to fall into the early winter slump—Earlham noses nice and red and now we have to hold hands in mittens.—Back into the more or less quietly moronic pastime of roller skating which also goes in circles, and Tuesday night dances and Student Senate Swings (christened thus by some alliterative English major) ping pong, bridge,—that musician's mental metronome that gets 'em all sooner or later, our juke box, of canned joy, oh

Booth bunch



Commons whirl



Coca-cola concentration

lyric sweet and hot—around, around! It would seem that our college whirl is composed of many circles—someone's always throwin' rocks in our pool.

Throughout the year the ladies of Phoenix strive to be ladies (had you noticed?) and Ionians persistently seek to become members too—is it wisdom they want? Ionian roars laughter and Phoenix echoes down, and whirled away is that hour from 7 'till 8.

Pretty soon the sun, he gets nice and warm and the girls get that astounding color—all over or nearly so—and the boys air out their scalps with the result that



Outing whirl



she's pretty apt to ignore that real nice guy. The gypsy spirit moves in and total class cuts move up and up; the cem blooms again, and it ain't all flowers either. The moon shines bright on Earlham coeds closing doors quietly on rules and propriety—ah Spring. In Bundy—tonk, golf clubs, tennis rackets, steam showers—bull sessions. Bet Bundy has sectioned the universe into frozen slices for microscope slides any number of different times. Anyway you slice it it's still—Bundy bull.

Eventually, same as housecleaning and measles, we “elect” to elect anything and everything to anyone and everyone, or vice versa. Then evolves a May Queen,

Queen Marilyn



Dinner dance dinner

Hearty breakfast



Phoenix band



Robin Hood and a lot of bright colors gyring about on the Heart and we have May Day and about this time the green light (red if you're thinking of chapel broadcasts) says "Go" to every club in school and its picnic season. Picnic anywhere on any or no provocation. Top honors to the Senior Picnic. Just wait a minute, buddy, 'till we put Adolph back in the can, and we'll give you a real chase. Lesser picnics, hikes, and wildwood wanderings begin at the Clear Creek pipe with a westward twist. It's the time of year when you try to study with "I'll Remember You," applying to anything but French verbs or generic names, emerging from radios here

Escourting the Queen



Maid Marion makes Marilyn May Queen





Ionian societie

and there. And "Marie" bursts out of the commons swingin' high 'n sweet. And somehow that winter formal that he felt pretty swell about at the Blanket Hop and Dorm Drive Dance looks pretty ratty. And gosh you have to have something to cover the Mask and Mantle Dinner Dance to say nothing of the Soph-Sr. banquet. You'd think we never get off campus but you ought to see the reorganization proceedings when the lights come up in the Tiv. balcony. The territory can't be covered what with people riding, bicycling, bird tripping, sauntering to Millers—and some folks just hold hands.

Fire sale?





Seven-thirty bus

At any rate you see, Earlham can still
whirl and set you down downright dizzy!

Balance and swing



Before you get to the end of this book, you ought to know that we are indebted, for their ideas, cooperation, and encouragement in the production of this '42 SARGASSO, to Mr. Funston, faculty advisor; Roy Hirschburg and A. L. Bundy, photographers; Jac Ochiltree, of the Kingsport Press; H. M. McGuire, of the Jahn & Ollier Engraving Co.; Carl Shellhouse, of the Oxford Printing Co.; the entire SARGASSO staff, and the underclassmen who became a part of it; and to the following

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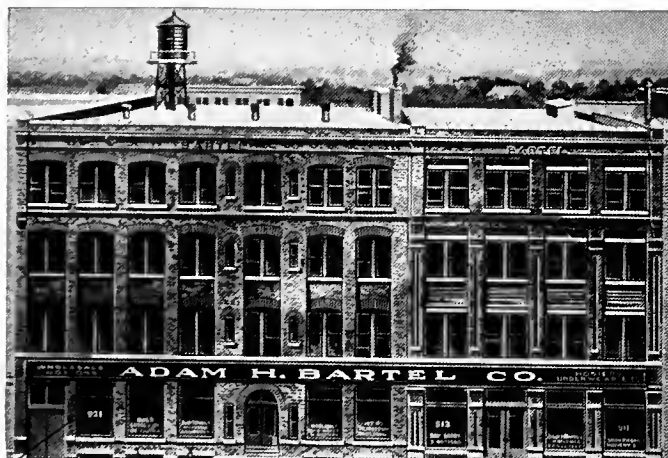
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Mosier, Lauretta O., Winchester, Ind.
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Peacock, Mary, 800 W. Main St., Richmond, Ind.
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Silbiger, Norbert, Bundy Hall, Richmond, Ind.
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Thomas, Auretta, Fountain City, Ind.
Thornburg, Opal, 400 College Ave., Richmond, Ind.
Thorp, James, University of Nebraska, Lincoln, Neb.
Trueblood, Edwin P., 331 College Ave., Richmond, Ind.
Van Dyke, George D., R. R. 2, Box 16a, Richmond, Ind.
Vioni, A. O., 224 S. 22nd St., Richmond, Ind.
Weber, Kathryn, 115 N. W. 7th St., Richmond, Ind.
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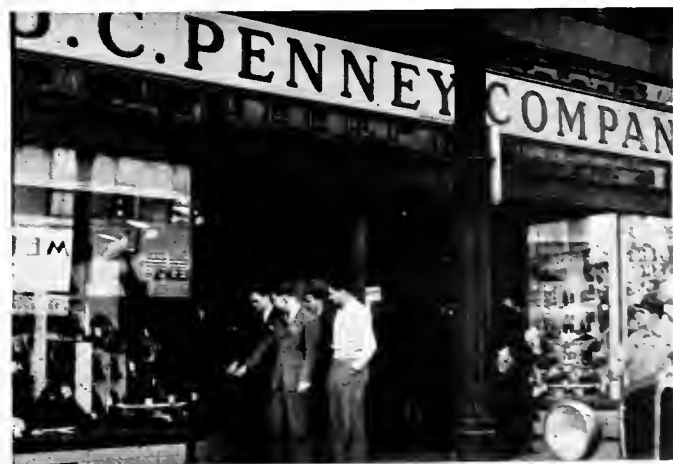


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